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For the People—

—the Right to Justice and Truth



"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

A Bewildering Bank Note Splinter in the Round Table

A Check on China

yet resulted in these unfortunate people obtaining permission to draw on their own deposited money.

Their position is so desperate that the London High Commissioner and Agents-General should organise emergency relief measures without delay.

Return the compliment

Comrade Stalin's monster 75-kilowatt broadcasting-station in Moscow has been very busy recently telling English listeners in bad English to rise up against the "blood-sucking capitalists."

The latest Franco-British "plot" against the Soviet regime is also a favourite topic.

We suggest that, some day when the B.B.C. band is tired of playing "My Baby Don't Care for Me-e," Savoy Hill might well give a short return performance in Russian.

For instance, a comparison of the cost of food in this country and in Moscow—where bread is scarce at 5s. a loaf.

That would give the proletariat something to talk about.

Over there, too

Our prediction that the Ruhr colliery-owners would force a cut in wages will soon be confirmed.

The first attempt was postponed because of the unpleasant effect that such action might have at election-time. Now the reduction is demanded as from the beginning of January.

The recent cut in the wages of the metal-workers was the writing on the wall, and the movement will spread throughout German industry during the next two or three months.

Under way

The movement behind the scenes to transfer civil aviation to the Ministry of Transport—exclusively announced in JOHN BULL—is meeting with considerable official favour.

Until the question is settled, the Government has decided to withhold the appointment of a new Director of Civil Aviation to succeed the late Sir Sefton Brancker.

In spite of powerful opposition from the Air Ministry, it is practically certain that the Civil Department will leave Kingsway for Whitehall.

It must pass

The Home Secretary is determined that youngsters in the courts shall get a human as well as a straight deal.

He is engaged in drafting a Bill to pass into law the recommendations of the Departmental Committee on the treatment of juvenile offenders.

The measure is long overdue, and it is to be hoped that the Government will find the little time necessary for it to be passed through the House.

Home Office circulars have completely failed to induce some benches of magistrates to adopt a more enlightened attitude towards boys and girls before them, and there is nothing for

it but the line of action determined on by Mr. Clynes.

And, by the way, what is he doing about the Asylums Board of Control?

Britannia rules . . .

It is not surprising that the National Association of Goldsmiths is indignant at one surprising aspect of this year's Navy Week at Plymouth.

Although all facilities to do any kind of trading in the dockyard or on the ships was denied local tradespeople, souvenirs in the form of cigarette-cases and other metal articles, bearing the crests and names of ships, were being officially sold.

And they were made in Germany!

A big little idea

More and more Tories are being badly bitten by the dictatorship bug. They are even toying with the fantastic idea of a bunch of little "Mussolinis" to reform the unemployment insurance system.

The idea is that the country should be divided into divisions, each with a commissioner in charge, each to have the power of striking bargains with local authorities and industrialists whereby employment could be found on the strength of subsidies from the fund.

It is not, of course, likely to mature, but it is just as well to repeat here that any plan for subsidising industries from the unemployment fund is mischievous and not to be tolerated.

Mars un-Ltd.

Mr. Henderson, as Foreign Secretary, is going to probe the question of those armaments—tanks and armoured-cars—which have lately been exported from this country to Russia.

The firms concerned regard the deals as ordinary business transactions, good for trade; but the Government is not so certain that there is not national policy involved.

Mars was always a profitable fellow to have on a board of directors. We are content, this time, to leave Mr. Henderson to deal with him.

A filth offensive

Long ago we dealt with the private circulation of that disgusting book, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," when it was first being privately smuggled into this country.

We were also able to give public warning when an American "pirated" edition was being offered for sale.

Now we have tidings of certain foreign firms which are endeavouring to get this and other obscene works published in this country and the United States.

The authorities should be on their guard.

Interference

At a time when the Round Table Conference is wrestling with the problems of India, the Indian Empire



Lord Lloyd will be there

Society is next week to hold an important meeting of business - men to discuss trade conditions in that country.

We doubt the prudence of this move by an organisation consisting largely of retired Army officers and Civil Servants from India, particularly as strong exception is to be taken to the appointment of natives to the

administrative services.

Lord Lloyd and Mr. Winston Churchill, who have promised to address this gathering, might have employed more discretion.

It can do little more than pin-prick conference delegates from India.

The meeting should never have been convened. Since it has been, we trust that speakers will control their tongues.

The curate's egg!

The decision of the railway directors to reduce their fees by 25 per cent. is welcome so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

The entire system of railway directorship should be overhauled as the first step towards an improved railroad position. The existing boards are too large and cumbersome; the number of members could be cut by half to advantage.

Moreover, those who serve should be full-time directors. At the present time there are but few who concentrate solely on the lines in return for their fees.

Every ounce of their time and energy should be concentrated on their job if the rail workers are to have decent wages and conditions and the public flawless service.

Boy slaves

It is welcome news that Mr. Clynes and Miss Bondfield are in consultation over the allegations that boy employees in hotels and cafés in one of the big cities are working an eighty-hour week.

We can assure them both that these charges are well founded. Moreover, this particular city is not alone in the scandal.

Many lift-boys elsewhere are on non-stop duty for at least twelve hours a day, standing almost the whole time. The investigation should be nationwide.

In no hurry

Mr. Snowden is not hurrying himself unduly over the War Loan Conversion scheme which he has had in mind for some time.

He is anxious to get 5 per cent. stock converted to a lower rate of interest, but awaits patiently the most favourable moment.

That he is thus cautious is yet another indication that the Labour Government is optimistic of remaining in office for some time to come.

WHILE Sir Oswald Mosley and his friends oppose the financial policy of Mr. Snowden, a formidable industrial organisation opposes the Chamberlain policy in the City. Mr. Snowden, of the Bank of England, is making an effort to be trusted to look after itself. The remarkable thing is that Sir Snowden should receive backing from prominent industrialists at a time when he is straining every nerve to succeed in the leadership of the Labour Party.



Mr. Norman is Snowden's ally

Strong as this industrial and political alliance is, the Snowden-Norman can be trusted to look after itself. The remarkable thing is that Sir Snowden should receive backing from prominent industrialists at a time when he is straining every nerve to succeed in the leadership of the Labour Party.

Two years more?

The compact between the Government and the Liberals over the Education Bill may be accepted as the basis of many such deals.

It foreshadows a more intimate working agreement between Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George, and indicates that, in the absence of any unforeseen crisis, the Government may remain in office for anything up to two years more.

There are two dangers, of course. Firstly, that the split in the L.G. ranks might spread. Secondly, that some of the Labour men are already restive. The latter resent strongly having their policy watered down to suit the taste of the Liberals, but so long as the objectors do not grow to be too numerous the Government seems safe.

King in the tail

There is no China Cabinet! Mr. Tom Shaw, the War Minister, and his colleagues are taking no chances of another smash-up in that turbulent land.

So long as there is the slightest risk of a renewed outbreak of rioting, British troops will be ready.

The Cabinet, after a careful scrutiny of the whole problem, has reached the conclusion that the retention of a non-aggressive British force is, for the time being, a greater guarantee of peace than a withdrawal.

We agree. That pig-tail has wagged before.

Poor rich folk

Owing to the financial crisis in Australia, the Commonwealth Government has forbidden any money being sent out of the country.

Consequently, even well-to-do visitors to this country have been reduced to walking the streets at night, penniless and hungry.

Cables to the Sydney authorities in the course of the past month have not

"If You See It"—continued

Then—and now

So they have opened a fund for the widow of Captain Foster, of *Trevessa* fame.

To us it seems sad that the dependent of a gallant sailor, whose stupendous feat of seamanship and courage will remain one of the greatest sea epics of all time, should have to rely on casual public help.

For years Mrs. Foster fought vainly to nurse back to health the wreck of a man who, in the face of indescribable terrors, upheld the best traditions of the British Merchant Navy.

We should have thought that shipping circles would have had the conscience to realise that the widow of such a man was a charge upon them.

It is not too late for them to realise it now. We hope they will.

Of such is the kingdom

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are what the Americans call "realtors"—that is, they deal in real estate. No, not the kingdom of heaven, but this sort of thing.

Sedgley, wishing to build homes for the poor, offered £160 per acre for three acres of grazing land.

The Commissioners wanted £320 an acre, and the Bishop of Lichfield, as patron of the living, agreed with them.

Considering that £160 an acre is quite a fair price for the land, and considering the purpose for which it is required, this action may perplex those who are not aware that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are big owners of slum-property.



The Bishop agreed

More Labour colleges

The National Council of Labour Colleges will shortly develop its range of action in an attempt to make it possible for every worker in the country who so desires to obtain a first-class education.

Mr. George Hicks, Trades Union Council, Mr. W. A. Strawbridge, chairman of the N.C.L.C., and other prominent workers in the Labour educational movement are at present engaged upon the details of several schemes of nation-wide interest.

What is jam?

All this talk about the dumping of soft fruits and fruit-pulp is having one significant effect, apart altogether from the question of tariffs.

There is an increasing demand that all jam shall be clearly marked to indicate, not only the percentage of fruit it contains, but whether it is made from fresh fruit or pulp.

There is no reason why manufacturers should not be induced to show exactly what preserving acids and

colouring matter, if any, are contained in their products. Evasions could be easily detected.

Jam is consumed in great quantities in the British home, and the consumer has every right to know what is being eaten.

Bitter sweet

Dr. Addison, Minister of Agriculture, is wondering how he can save the sugar-beet industry. He is busily consulting with representatives of the factory-owners.

The State subsidy is due to be reduced by one-half in a few weeks' time, and since that reduction is more than the amount of profit made by the industry last year, the situation is critical.

The factory-owners will be compelled to reduce the price they pay to the farmers for the beet, in which case, as JOHN BULL stated months ago, it may not be worth the farmers' time to cultivate the crop.

We do not envy Dr. Addison his dilemma.

Gosport gush

We trust that in future the circulars of the Auxiliary Advertising Company, of 75, South Street, Gosport, will go the way of all dishonest trash.

You answer its advertisement for a club secretary and, in reply, you receive ill-printed and illiterate pamphlets advertising itself, its writing-tablets, and sundry ways of making money—or losing it.

All's well that . . .

Following our recent article dealing with the invaliding from the Royal Navy of Mr. Frank Deacon, we have had the advantage of a consultation with the Admiralty.

It is now apparent that Mr. Deacon is receiving from the Ministry of Pensions disability retired pay on account of neurasthenia attributable to his war service, and it is wrong to assume that he was invalided out without proper evidence being forthcoming.

We suggested that it was desirable, in all the circumstances, that it should be made clear that Mr. Deacon's invaliding from the Navy was not on account of any different disability from that in respect of which he has since been receiving a pension.

The Admiralty willingly agreed, and a notification to this effect has been made in Mr. Deacon's official record.

Robot S O S

An invention has been perfected in Australia whereby, by means of a self-contained machine, distress and other essential radio messages can be sent out automatically from ships at sea.

No skilled operator is necessary. By simply pressing a switch, the S O S is broadcast continually for half-an-hour, being repeated about a hundred times.

Should the price be within reason, this British life-saving invention should be fitted to all ships not carrying wireless installation and operator.

Is the Board of Trade looking into this matter?

Bread—and stone

Many of the new Public Assistance Committees are carrying on the bad old tradition of the defunct boards of guardians in setting men to work at stone-breaking in return for relief.

But the Minister of Health has decided to end the practice. He regards stone-breaking as a purposeless task unlikely to help in maintaining morale. Further, men are often set to work in small cells, under disgusting conditions.

More progressive Poor Law authorities, such as Sheffield, Salford and Poplar, employ able-bodied men on useful, interesting and instructional work.

We trust that the remainder will be firmly induced to follow their example.

At it again

What possible reason can the Air Ministry have for refusing to give the crew of *R100* some official written testimony of the fact that they were the men who made the double Atlantic crossing in that airship?

Such an acknowledgment would cost nothing, but might be of immense value to the men in seeking jobs in civil life.

The fact that the crew were orally thanked by the late Lord Thomson counts for nothing as a permanent record of their achievement.

Lord Amulree must intervene himself to ensure that the Ministry does not persist in this paltry and stupid attitude.

It's mean

This is the sort of thing that arouses our disgust:

Constance Hibberd, formerly Merritt, of High Street, Corsham, was ordered to pay £35 damages as the result of her dog biting a child of six, leaving permanent scars.

Now she is married, and pleads that she has no means and that her husband refuses to recognise the debt.

The poor kiddie's father, Mr. Alexander J. Allen, has been hard hit by the expenses entailed. He and his girl have to suffer. The owner of the offending dog goes scot-free.

This is where her husband should play the game.

A J.P. we like

Here, for a change, is one local magistrate who is a man after our own heart.

Because Arthur John Buckberry, of the Lockhouse, Kirkstead, refused to

allow his children to tramp three miles over a bad road to school he was summoned by the Lindsey County Education Committee.

He pleaded that they should be allowed to attend a school only a quarter of a mile away, but the committee urged that, in this case, the kiddies would have to punt themselves over a river.

Mr. M. C. Hawley dismissed the case. He said some means ought to be taken to get the children to school. Of course; the whole point.

We hope the committee will do the right thing.

Blind justice

It is possible that the Norwich magistrates were right in having mercy on Kate Ethel Garner, of Ashford Street, who robbed Miss Elizabeth Blazebly of £20 by forging a valuable security.

We ourselves think that it was a remarkably mean crime. It is possible that we also might have placed this woman on probation, but we should certainly not have left it to her "sense of justice" to repay the money.

Nor could we have forgotten that the robbed woman was seventy-seven years of age—and blind.

But the Bench evidently forgot.

Misguided guild

That excellent organisation, the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators, has decided to oppose the issue of civil pilot licences to R.A.F. officers on leave.

It is difficult to understand the guild's action. The explanation that the issue endangers the livelihood of the civil pilot is absurd.

Naval officers are permitted to hold a master mariner's certificate, and there is no evidence that this privilege has affected the employment of master mariners one jot.

Again our fault!

The complicated finances of the Blue Bird petrol companies, through which over £1,000,000 was extracted from the public, have ended in Francis Loring being sent to penal servitude for seven years.

Perhaps we may be forgiven for reminding our readers that while the companies were actually operating JOHN BULL drew attention to the scandal and urged that official action should be taken.

The conviction of Loring is another big step towards a clean City.

Direct action

The Transport and General Workers Union is intent on direct action against officials who take liberties with its funds.

It has recently been troubled by a number of cases in which money collected from members has not been remitted to the proper quarters, and several prosecutions have been launched against the defaulters.

The executive is determined that this firm attitude shall be maintained, even in the face of sentiment.

Now for the £1,000

JOHN BULL continues to set the pace in the cross-word world.

In our competition No. 60, in addition to the magnificent awards of the £600 cash prize, with £50 for runner-up, 203 Christmas turkey and Christmas cake double prizes were presented.

And now turn to page 40 and enter for the JOHN BULL record £1,000 Must-be-Won Cross-Word contest.

ADAMSON'S

—Helping Hand



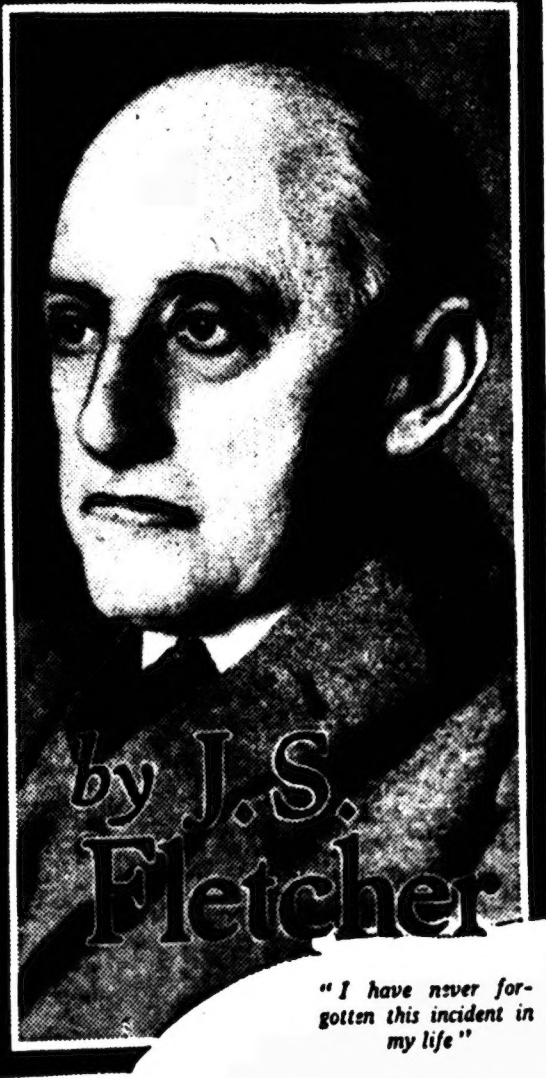
MURDERERS who SHOULD NOT HANG

THIS IS NOT HEARSAY

AT any moment the Commission on Capital Punishment will issue its report, the main recommendation of which is that hanging shall be suspended for five years as an experiment.

Parliament will be asked to give this legal sanction. If it is not made law there remains the very serious question of "degrees of murder."

J. S. Fletcher, whose detective stories are known to millions of people, holds very strong views on this subject. He is one of the few living writers who have witnessed a civil execution.



by J.S. Fletcher

"I have never forgotten this incident in my life"

A heavy thud . . .

THE opening of a door; a group of men; a parson, reading nervously; a man over whose white face a no whiter cap is drawn as he crosses the threshold; the click of a lever; a heavy thud—and that is all. I saw all of it.

One of my fellow Pressmen saw nothing. As soon as the man to be hanged emerged, he turned his face to the wall behind us and was violently sick.

As to the other, he, as soon as we left the jail, made rapidly for the nearest public-house and demanded brandy. I left him repeating his order.

Human nature is of such an extraordinary variety and complexity that there are people who will set me down as a sentimental fool when I ask this very simple question: What good did it do the State to hang this miserable fellow by the neck till he was dead and to bury his carcase in quick-lime.

None! Rather it threw three or four children on the poor rates.

If this man had been equitably punished for his temporary loss of temper and then restored, duly chastened, to society, he would probably have shown himself quite a well-behaved citizen.

But—he had been found guilty of murder. And according to our law there are no degrees of murder. Murder is murder.

A man who has killed an adulterous wife, or her lover, in a sudden fit of passion, is treated by the law just as the law treats a cold-hearted villain like Seddon.

Fiend—and weakling

A POACHER who shoots a gamekeeper in trying to avoid arrest is treated just as a devilish beast like Neill Cream is treated. There is an answer to all this: I dare say that most people who read this article will bring it forward at once and set me and my views down as utterly mistaken things.

It isn't necessary, they will say, to set up degrees of murder. After a murderer has been convicted, he has several resources.

There is the Court of Criminal Appeal. There is the influence of the judge who presided at his trial. There is the Home Secretary.

There is the prerogative of the Crown: a man has no end of chances, and there is also the sympathy and help of the public. Are not petitions signed? Are not popular demonstrations made?

All that is true. But that is not what should be.

What should be is that the duty of estimating the exact degree of guilt attaching to the slaying of one human being by another should be left to the jury which tries the case.

The English jury system is the safeguard of an Englishman's status and liberty. And any man who has ever served on a jury knows quite well that juries would often like to return verdicts other than they do if they were not tied down to the strict letter of the law.

"Guilty, but—"

BUT suppose the jury which—being bound to do so—returned a verdict of "Guilty" in the case of the little man I have just referred to had been free to say:

"We find that this man killed his wife in a fit of temper, caused by her wicked, reprehensible, persistent nagging of him; we believe he is sorry for what he did; we believe further that he will never do such a thing again, and so we recommend that he be restored to his children."

I would hang men like Seddon and Armstrong and Cream and Mahon, and all such human beasts, and I would hang them the very day of their conviction.

I would give murderers whose crimes were associated with violence a taste of the lash, repeated every now and then, and I would send them to a penal settlement from which they should never be released.

I would deal out the same punishment to all criminals who brought about the eventual death of women or children by rape or assault. But I should be careful about the degree of punishment to be awarded to murderers dictated by jealousy or passion, or to youthful murderers, or those of a doubtful mentality.

And I should be all more careful to avoid such a disgrace to the administration of our criminal law as was seen in the execution seven years ago of Mrs. Thompson.

It is high time that we made some alteration in our law as regards cases of murder. Britain makes no distinction in these cases.

The murder arising from a sudden loss of self-control ranks with the murder committed by a cold-hearted, calculating, unscrupulous scoundrel, the human beast. The murder springing from jealousy—the crime passionelle of the French courts—is treated on the same footing as that of the householder shot dead by an armed burglar.

And, as we all know, now and then a man changed who, we feel quite sure, from his previous record and what is said of him at his trial would, if restored to society after a period of detention and reflection, have proved an excellent and perhaps model citizen.

I have a case of this last sort in my mind.

When I was doing journalistic work in a certain big manufacturing city, I was asked by the editor of one of the local dailies to attend the forthcoming assizes for the special purpose of writing him a realistic sketch of one murder case set down on the calendar.

I heard the man tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Some three weeks later, I was one of three Press representatives present at his execution. I have never forgotten this incident in my life.

Ever since I heard the dull thud of this man's body, I have been convinced that we need a drastic alteration in our law as regards the hanging of a jury in cases of murder.

When this case was called, there appeared in the dock as meek and mild a little figure of a man as could be found anywhere. He was—on all appearances—the sort of individual who would have found it difficult to say "Boo" to a goose; he was just negative.

But he was charged with the murder of his wife. And when the question was put to him by the Clerk of Arraigns he answered simply, "Aye, I did it!"

Taunt-maddened

NOW what was the evidence against this man? He was an artisan of some sort. He had a wife and three or four young children.

Evidence showed that up to a recent period he had been a quiet, steady, sober fellow, against whom nobody had any complaint to make.

Through no fault of his own, he had been thrown out of employment. There was no unemployment fund in those days.

And his wife was a sharp-tongued, bad-tempered shrew, who poured out her abuse on him whenever he came back home.

Things became worse and worse. One evening, having tramped about all day, hungry and desperate, in search of work, he returned home to be greeted with more than the usual word of vituperation.

At its height, he was cutting a slice of bread from a loaf which he himself had brought in, and was using a sharp carving-knife for the purpose.

Losing his self-control and his temper under the sting of the shrew's tongue, he flung the knife at her.

In a few minutes she was dead, and he went straight out and gave himself up.

There was no controverting this evidence. There was plenty of evidence brought forward as to the previous good character and behaviour of this unfortunate being.

Yet there was no suggestion made as to the reduction of the crime from murder to manslaughter, and the jury did not trouble to leave the box.

In sentencing the man to death, his lordship did not make one word of comment on the case; he merely repeated the words of the formal death sentence.

As I have already said, I witnessed this man's execution. I am not going to dwell on what I saw.

All I have to say is that if any man,

A GHOST of an Idea

Candid Communications



He who Gets Smacked— Tell us their Names

Hon. EARL WINTERTON,
Eccleston Square, London, S.W.
SIR.—A man of title, it has been your pleasure since you entered the House of Commons years ago to insult and abuse at ordinary people on the benches opposite.
Your sneering aside, questioning if Bromley would be prepared to renege a certain statement outside the House, is well in character, but it is stupider than your usual gags.
Mr. C. J. Simmons, who smacked your face with an Order Paper, quite rightly apologised in order to preserve the dignity of the House.
But you are the worst and most male offender against that very dignity.

JOHN BULL.

BISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
Cathedral Palace, London, S.E.
YOUR GRACE.—The splendid tribute paid to the late Marquis Curzon of Kedleston in unveiling a tablet to his memory in King Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, was well deserved.
He had indeed a passionate desire to do justice to the teeming millions of India. And throughout his life, that man that he was, he spent himself unstintingly in the service of his country.
He was ambitious—to serve. He was proud—of the tradition of service. We could forgive the Party politicians his faults if they had his virtues.

JOHN BULL.

MR. DUMMETT,
Borough Street Police Court
DEAR MR. MAGISTRATE.—I notice that a recent prosecution for libel you allowed the name of the prosecutor to be suppressed. He was referred to as "well known." I suggest that the precedent you are establishing is most dangerous.

Mr. W. T. KELLY, M.P.,
26, Crofton Road, London, S.E.
DEAR MR. KELLY.—While I am altogether in sympathy with your desire to relieve Spiritualists from the burden of laws against witchcraft and vagrancy, I am afraid that there are practical difficulties in the way of administering your proposed Act.
You are attempting to place upon the Statute-book a law which will ask the judicial authority to decide that persons are "genuinely exercising their psychic powers." And that can't be done.
Worse still, you are throwing upon the police the responsibility of deciding first, whether or not there is such a force as "psychic power," and, secondly, whether that force is being "genuinely exercised"?
Have you thought of that? And do you see the way out? JOHN BULL.

There is every reason why in certain cases of blackmail such a course should be followed, since otherwise many victims might hesitate to take action. Even there discretion must be exercised.
But where libel is concerned it is essential in the interests of justice that the name of the prosecutor shall be known.
What a potent weapon you are offering the powerful! If and when the case comes before a judge I trust he will take another line.

JOHN BULL.

LORD DESBOROUGH,
Chairman, Thames Conservancy Board
MY LORD.—It makes my blood boil when I hear of you and your engineers being congratulated on their triumph in dealing with the Thames floods.
The new Thames weir at Teddington should have been constructed long ago. The problems arising out of the Land Drainage Act, which the new Board will deal with after next April 1, should have been solved long ago.
And whenever the height of the water at London Bridge is abnormal we have to stand by at the leaks.
The example set by Holland should make the Thames Conservators ashamed.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. T. C. PENFOLD,
M.O.H., Chester-le-Street, Durham
DEAR DOCTOR.—You do not believe in hiding your opinions. You say that very low wages, chiefly among miners, and bad housing are the causes of most of the illness in your district.
Your infantile mortality is at the high figure of 99.7 per thousand, and you see little prospect of improvement in this respect until the working-class mother has more money through her hands.
You say that private enterprise in providing houses for the poorer classes is non-existent, while council houses are beyond their reach.
But you can do nothing—only recommend. Meanwhile your work will increase. What a tragedy!

JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR COLEFAX, K.C.,
Argyll House, Chelsea, London, S.W.
DEAR SIR ARTHUR.—I am sure that you will take with a grain of salt the evidence offered by representatives of the catering trade at your enquiry into the proposal to set up a Trades Board for that industry.
Of course it will produce friction. The thing works smoothly when the bad kind of employers have it all their

own way, and can offer what conditions of labour they choose.
It is notorious that the hours, wages and general treatment of catering employees, with certain exceptions, are monstrous. In no other trade is the establishment of a board more urgently needed.

JOHN BULL.

ADAM McDONALD,
Glasgow
DEAR ADAM.—I am heartily glad that the Glasgow Sheriff refused to sentence you for the theft of £145 from your brother Angus.
You took and burnt the notes to prevent him running away with your wife. And every right-thinking man and woman will sympathise with you.
By the by, was it wise of your brother to bring up the matter? Will his acquaintances like him the better for it? I trow not.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. TOM SHAW, M.P.,
Secretary for War
DEAR SHAW.—I am not happy over your admission that soldiers at Porton are subjected to poison-gas tests, "with the object of proving the efficacy of preventive and curative treatment for skin burns and of confirming the adequacy of the protection afforded by respirators."
They may be volunteers, and in certain cases receive pay of a shilling and sixpence for each test, but what if the tests should cause them permanent injury?

JOHN BULL.

W. McNEAL,
H.M. Prison
CAB.—You were guilty of brutality when you beat your step-child, Leonard, aged three, with a thick stick, so that he crawled about on the grass digging his hands into the earth for very pain.
You were even more of a devil when you held baby Sidney, aged twenty-two months, in a bath of cold water for an hour, and kept ducking him so that he nearly lost his breath.
A mere sentence of six months' imprisonment is insufficient. It is a pity the law does not permit such creatures as you to be flogged.

JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—Mr. Philip Snowden, in—

Flirting with Madam Butterfly

THEY speak of me as hard and stern.
A man whom artists love to draw
Giving the screw another turn.
With mouth hard set and jutting jaw.
I am not like that at all—
At least, not in my melting mood,
When music has me in its thrall
And to my soul brings drink and food.
I have no tears to spare
For those brought low by taxes high;
For every heart-throb I can share
With dying Madam Butterfly.
Musicalists, with all their wiles,
Will find me colder far than ice;
I'm witching Carmen with her smiles
Can win my worship in a trice.
My fortune may upward leap,
But while my debit balance grows,
I turn aside to weep and weep
Over the fair Isolde's woes!
You see, I am like that; though few
Have realised it until, having refused
All kinds of concessions to supplicants,
Foreign and native, I opened my purse to
The Muse of Music.
When I say "my purse," I admit that
It is really the nation's purse, and that
The section of the nation which is in-
terested in music seems to resent my

So, strange to say, does a section
which, although fond of good music,
scoffs at the out-moded mixture of music
and mummery which goes by the name
of grand opera.
It is, of course, impossible to please
everybody. But by subsidising Covent
Garden opera to the tune of £97,000, I
seem to have pleased practically nobody
except foreign singers and composers,
who look forward to obtaining in fees
and royalties money which might have
gone to the relief of British taxpayers.
My critics must, of course, be aware
that the sum involved would not even
equal 1d. on or off income-tax; but this
does not silence their protests.
Why, they ask, seeing that Chancellors
have refused to subsidise luxury music
in times of prosperity, should I scatter
largesse in a time of adversity?
Why, they also enquire, should I select
for my generosity the least British of
the arts?
If (they say) I can find money for
grand opera which appeals only to the
few, why not subsidise a national
theatre? Or, if it comes to that, a
national dog-racing track or a national
shove-'apenny saloon?
I have neither time nor inclination to
answer these questions, nor to reply to
theatre managers and provincial opera
producers who object to my collecting
entertainment-tax with one hand and

assisting a rival entertainment with the
other.
As long as I have the applause of the
new "souls" who attend our delightful
musical evenings at 11, Downing Street,
I can ignore mere blokes and coves.
Though Brown may scoff, and Jones may
sneer,
And Smith remark "Lor' lumme!"
I can rely upon a cheer
From Signor Rummy Tummy;
And Signorina Doh-Reh-Me
Will smile in a way that's good to see.
Taxpayers' groans I shall not hear
Above the shrill hosannas—
Which come so sweetly to my ear—
Of heavyweight sopranos,
Who say they've never met before
Such a susceptible Chancellor!



STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

Mrs. BALDWIN: "We can almost
scent a General Election."
Because everybody is crying "stink-
ing fish"?
C. T. HAGBERG WRIGHT: "Quite a
number of people need teaching how
to borrow books."
And twice the number how to give
them back.
H. G. A. BINGLEY: "I have never met
a harsh landlord or agent in London."
Do you spend your week-ends on the
links?

The SHIP Comes HOME

WITH the Christmas season upon us and the end of the year at hand, I return to the subject I discussed a fortnight ago. It is the subject that occupies all our minds in some shape or other, for few of us have escaped the misfortunes of the calamitous year that is drawing to a close. Whatever our condition in life—worker or employer, countryman or town-dweller, tradesman or professional man, farmer or manufacturer—there is only one tale to tell. In all my experience I do not remember a world that contained so many long faces or was filled with such serious apprehensions about the future. And no one who faces the facts will pretend that there is not abundant cause for long faces and apprehensions. Ten years of depression have culminated in a year of almost unmitigated gloom, and it may be that we have not even yet touched bottom. I think we have; but the wish may only be father to the thought.

Bobs up again

But, however that may be, I am certain that, wherever the bottom is, we shall come to the top again, and that nothing will bring us more speedily out into the sunshine than confidence in ourselves and our future. Defeatism is the worst of all philosophies. This country has always had its ups and downs—its black patches and its bright—like every other country that ever was or ever will be. Life is like that, both nationally and individually. It is not a perpetual school-treat or garden-party. It is a life-of-war with circumstance, in which

sometimes the pull is with us and sometimes against us.

Our history for four centuries is peppered with periods when the country seemed going to the dogs and good people were in despair about the future.

And always we have emerged from our nightmares stronger than we went into them.

Splash of sunshine

To-day, in spite of post-war depression and over two millions of unemployed, this country is a better country to live in than it has ever been, and a better country to live in, judged by any test you choose to apply, than any other on the whole map of the world, not excluding the United States.

I do not say this vaingloriously. I say it because it is the fact, and because that fact should be borne in mind at a time when we, in common with every country, are passing through lean years and hard times.

By all means let us avoid painting the landscape prettier than it is. But we need not paint it darker than it is.

We need not cultivate the notion that things are worse for us than they are for other people. They are not. They are better. And again I don't exclude even America.

If you doubt this, take a swift mental tour round the world in the light of the news, ascertainable by anybody who cares to know, of recent conditions and doings in any of the great countries—Germany, Russia, Spain, Italy, India, China, South America, or our own Dominions.

If there are any exceptions they are only to be found in small countries like Denmark, Holland and Sweden, which are happily outside the rivalries and armaments of the great Powers.

Early Wisdom—by CHANCELLOR R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

LOVELESS LIVES

AS a sequel to what I wrote lately about an unwanted man there has come to me this week descriptions of two men in the prime of life who have somehow blundered into this category. In some ways the two present a great contrast in character, but they are alike in having lost the love of those about them. I can hardly believe what is told me about the first one—that he is such a contemptible fellow that he will eat the food that has been specially ordered for his ailing child. He is a mere parasite on his wife and family, spends his earnings on himself and never keeps a job long. He is shiftless and unprincipled, though not a loud-mouthed bully; and the worst feature of his disposition is that nothing can shame him: he knows what decent people think of him, but does not appear to care.

The other man is quite different. He is reckoned a good workman, and always brings his wages home, but in that home he is a chilling influence that everybody hates. His wife says he is a man for whom a child's happy laughter or a piece of beautiful music has no meaning. The pair have clever sons who take prizes at school, and have been brought up by their mother to have high ideals, but the father sneers at them and takes no interest in their success. His influence upon them is thoroughly

bad, for its tendency is to weaken their confidence in themselves and in the worth of fine standards of conduct.

Worst of all as a verdict on this man's life is his wife's confession that he can no longer hurt her with his cruel tongue. The love she used to have for him is dead; he has gradually killed it.

Her disappointment in him caused her intense suffering in the earlier part of their married life, but that has passed; they continue living together, but completely indifferent to each other. What a tragedy!

What is needed in both these cases, as in others like them, is something to show these men what they are missing. They are unhappy, and don't know it. The revelation might be brought home to them by seeing what others enjoy of the tender ministries of unselfish affection, than which there is nothing more beautiful or more blessed in all human experience.

"Example," said Edmund Burke, "is the school of life; mankind will learn at no other." Let a man once see how well life might be lived, and the recollection may bear good fruit in time of need. For there comes to everybody a moment in life—of weakness, sorrow, or loneliness—when we crave above all things the companionship of a fellow-soul.

For some men that moment is when they first see themselves as they are.



So much for the general outlook, which I take only in order to get this question in the right perspective.

Not until we realise the plain fact that to all our European contemporaries we are, with all our misfortunes, the most enviable nation to-day can we understand that this is not a time for despair, but a time for confidence and resolution.

Argosy of hope

Let us take a nearer view of our own situation. Again, I wish to avoid any flatulent optimism. If there is a thing I loathe more than pessimism it is the other 'ism.

What I want is to see things and tendencies as they are, and if I lay emphasis on the silver lining, it is not because I am not aware of the black cloud, but because I know that the cloud will pass and the sun will duly reappear.

Take the general prospects of trade. They are bad enough. They may become even worse before they are better.

But I believe, and much abler students of the world tendencies than I am also believe, that the turn is in sight.

One of the greatest and most intelligent business-men in the country, a man with vast interests in the East, says that the upward movement will begin in China—indeed has already begun, as evidenced by the increasing cargoes his great fleet is carrying thither.

The Indian boycott is breaking down, and if, as seems possible, the Round-Table Conference goes well, the depression in Lancashire's greatest overseas market cannot fail to be affected.

Significant

I see this week that 20,000 more people are employed in Lancashire. Not much, but still not without significance.

I referred a fortnight ago to other portents, in the woollen trade and elsewhere, that are individually not much, but collectively show a tendency and that in the right direction.

Or turn to another quarter of the compass.

No part of the national life has been harder hit than the City. The year 1930 will, I hope, live as the blackest year in its history—"I hope"

A great ship of hope—"Many great concerns which have fallen on evil times are now in thoroughly competent hands"
—The Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, new deputy chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

because it is now over and no one wants to see a worse.

Part of its misfortunes is unrelated to the general depression in world-trade. It is due to local disorders which have brought ruin to many deserving investors and many undeserving "punters."

But with the sentence on Lorang we may take it that that phase is over, and I think the City has had a shock and a thorough cleansing, which will make it a much more wholesome place when business returns.

It is not only that the sharks are in prison or in penury. Many great concerns, such as the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which have fallen on evil times, are now in thoroughly competent hands and are undergoing reconstruction.

Millions waiting

We know the worst about them, and we know that the lessons that have been learned are not being neglected.

And if the City is stagnant, it is not because we are bankrupt. It is because, having been badly bitten, we are cautious.

But there is plenty of money available, as the astonishing rush for the electricity loan shows.

And that incident is only symptomatic. No sound investment asks for money in vain, and it is stated that during a month or so eight important issues, amounting to twenty-three millions, have evoked offers of 378 million pounds.

In other words, there is plenty of money for the development of business only awaiting a burst of sunshine and confidence.

The New Year may bring them about on two conditions—one which we cannot control, one which we can.

The first is a stabilisation of prices, the other is the avoidance of industrial conflict. We ought to have one. I see no reason why we should not have both.

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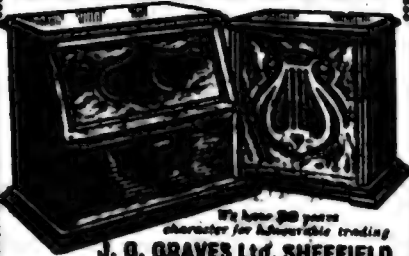
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Record Distribution of Christmas Prizes in "John Bull" Cross-word No. 99.

In the above Competition correct solutions were received from the following 46 competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £130s. 11d. will be despatched.

Barker, Mrs. F., "Mayview," Milltown Ashover, Chesterfield; Brady, Mrs. C., 3, Lancaster St., Bolton; Brain, E., 7, Bridge St., Blackwood, Mon.; Broden, W. V., 43, Camilla Rd., S.E.16; Button, Miss E., 115, Portland Rd., Notting Hill; Cody, B. W., 102, Cambridge St., Pimlico, S.W.; Cowan, Junr., W., Tullymore Bro-shane, Co. Antrim; Cox, T. W., 318, Sheffield Rd., Timley, Sheffield; Davies, A., 7, Crown Rd., Muswell Hill, N.10; Edwards, W. H., 99, Queen's Rd., Cheetham, Manchester; Evans, J., 376, Edgware Rd., W.; Evans, L., Jesmond-Dene, Solihull; Gray, M., 19, Colmar Lane, Sheffield; Harris, W., 10, Brook St., Stourbridge, Worcs.; Harrison, B. C., "Kirkcubbin," 34, Glebe Villas, West Hove, Sussex; Hayes, Mrs. C., 30, Stanley St., Featherstone, Yorks; Healy, A. H., 148, Godinton Rd., Ashford, Kent; Horner, E., 3, Arncliffe Buildings, Champagne Rd., Beverley; Huggill, Mrs. G., Gungahat, Dyrerth, Flint; Jones, Mrs. J., 6, Brooklands Rd., Nottingham; Lacey, Mrs. H. J., 34, Plimmer Rd., High Wycombe; Lambert, Mrs., 90, Vicery Rd., Mill Rd., Cambridge; Low, A. S., 34, Auburn Gardens, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne; McVittie, W. S., 16, Station Rd., Dalbeattie; Mason, C. D., 20, High St., Halesowen, Nr. Birmingham; Morton, J., 21, Bridge St., Higher Walton, Preston; Nixon, J. C., 137, High St., Ventnor, Isle of Wight; O'Gara, J., "Lygon Arms," Broadway, Worcs; Pallen, T., 31, Mount Pleasant, Diss, Norfolk; Rawle, B., 88, St. Edmunds Rd., Babbacombe, Torquay; Robinson, Miss A., 22, Dalby Avenue, Bradford; Robinson, E., 93, Shegongel Avenue, Belfast; Saunders, Mrs. H., Hope Cottage, Downe, Farnborough, Kent; Staines, E., 237, Park Rd., Gillingham; Taylor, S. M., 26, Spring Crescent, Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Maldon, Essex; Tiplady, M., 33, Windmill Rd., West Croydon; Topham, H., Gaze, Bulford Camp, Wilts; Turner, A. E., Sunnydene, Claxby, Lincoln; Urch, W. J., 3, Grove Rd., Bridgend; Waterfall, J. H., 269, Eton Rd., Ilford; Watts, J., 7, Ashton Rd., Ashton Gate, Bristol; Weatherill, H., Riverside, Gasgrave, Via Leeds; White, W. C., 8, Grosvenor Rd., Marton Drayton; Williams, Mrs., Martinmore, Smallwood, Sandbach, Ches.; Williams, A. P., Lime Tree Cottage, Hyton, Dymock, Glos.; Woodcock, M., 11, Mt. Pleasant, Saffron Walden, Essex.

Solutions containing one error only were received from 147 competitors, who divide the Second Prize of £50, each receiving 4s. 12d., and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

In addition to the above cash awards, each of the 46 winners who share £600 and each of the 147 winners who share £50 will receive shortly before Christmas an extra double award of a Christmas Turkey and Christmas Cake.

A Record £1,000 X-Word with £100 for Runners-up appears on page 40. Try your Skill Now!

SPECIAL BIRTHDAY OFFERS

To mark my FORTIETH TRADING YEAR, I shall give a BIRTHDAY ALBUM of RECORDS and NEEDLES to every reader who orders a Gramophone, which I send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL PACKED FREE, and CARRIAGE PAID, DELIVERY BY RETURN.

Write for my FREE ART CATALOGUE and see the wonderful offers of all kinds of instruments. Cash or Easy Terms.

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"Saved me from pneumonia"



"SOME years ago I was suffering from bronchitis and congestion of the lungs. Nothing seemed to ease the congestion. Then my chemist recommended I try your Musterole Brand Ointment. After a few applications the congestion disappeared and I enjoyed complete relief from my suffering. As a matter of fact, the doctor told me I had been saved from pneumonia."

—G. J., Stafford Road, Wolverhampton.

If you have a cold on the chest and it feels tight and congested, spread on the magic, pain dispelling warmth of this clean, white ointment. That warmth penetrates right down to the congested tissues, loosens, soothes, heals. Thousands of people have obtained immediate relief from dangerous chest colds by using Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. They are never without it in their homes. Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment will do for you what it has done for others. Your favourite chemist has it. Get a jar today.



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EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashionable Winter Styles which includes the newest fashions for the Wardrobe. Complete Catalogue, showing a whole new range of styles, is made in the best style and offered at the lowest prices on Easy Terms.

We have reduced all 30 years' experience for ladies' fashions.

FROM 5% MONTHLY

PATTERNS POST FREE
We issue a very complete range of Patterns. In your own interest you should write now, stating style of garment you are interested in, and samples of the actual materials will be sent you by return, together with self-measuring form, and all necessary information. Also Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, at Bargain Prices and on Easy Payment Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

For the Sake
of Your Health
(if stout) read the advertisement on page 34 and send for Free Booklet.

EX-FORGER'S Mystery Deals

A WICKED CHRISTMAS STOCKING



Raided the gigantic forgery factory—ex-Divisional Detective-Inspector Leach



"His touch is in's"—Samuel James Charles Martin, a genius in crime

At this time of the year, when all wholesalers are swamped with orders in consequence of the usual Christmas trade, long-firm swindlers also become increasingly active.

We here expose the activities of a polished adventurer who, through the medium of certain underlings, has planned a seasonable swindle on a most amazing scale.

For this purpose we must single out three concerns sharing a suite of offices in Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, London, and apparently working in harmony.

They are Martin, Graham and Company; Martin and Company, and the Le Trepiad (Le Touquet) Development Syndicate.

Though they were formed with varying aims and objects, the first two, at any rate, seem to have one point in common—a habit of swindling honest traders.

Genius in swindling

Two men of untiring energy and undoubted business ability control their destinies.

They are Samuel James Charles Martin, of Elsham Road, London, W., and Captain Thomas Graham, of Parkchester Place, London, W.

Martin must claim pride of place for audacity and ingenuity. His is the master-mind.

They have operated chiefly through Martin, Graham and Co., which was registered in June last, ostensibly to deal in stocks and shares.

But we have failed to find any evidence that stocks or shares were ever dealt in, and we doubt very much if Martin ever had any intention of confining himself to such prosaic things.

Actually, Martin, Graham and Co. has been very active of late in obtaining miscellaneous merchandise on credit terms from wholesalers in all parts of the country.

The "stocks and shares" have taken the form of goods ranging from silks to carpets.

That "personal touch"

When references were called for, they were readily forthcoming from firms which spoke very highly of Martin, Graham and Co., for the simple reason that they were mostly "in the swim."

Confidence was further inspired by the fact that orders were not always confined to postal requests, but were fully discussed by one or other of the two directors during personal visits.

The result is that huge consignments of goods have reached the Ironmonger

Lane headquarters during recent months.

Wholesalers were so impressed by the company's businesslike methods and the impressive personalities of the directors that they entertained no misgivings when submitting their accounts.

But they were soon disillusioned once the question of payment arose.

Although the various goods supplied have been sold by Martin, Graham and Co. for cash, no attempt has been made to pay the wholesalers, and complaints are now rife.

One instance, in which some £450 is involved, will illustrate the manner in which traders have been tricked.

A carpet manufacturer, whose business is in Victoria Avenue, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., received a call one day from a visitor who gave the name of "Major Goodson."

The "no-pay" way

It so happened that the carpet manufacturer had heard a great deal about the excellent reputation of a man of that name, and, not having seen him in the flesh, he had no reason to doubt that his caller was the same man.

The "major" extolled the firm of Martin, Graham and Co., saying that big business was being done by it. He suggested that it would be worth the manufacturer's while to get a share of that business.

The manufacturer fell in with this suggestion, and when a visit to the Ironmonger Lane headquarters had further impressed him, he supplied Martin, Graham and Co. with carpets to the value of £450.

These carpets were promptly disposed of, but all efforts to secure payment have proved unavailing.

The manufacturer has now followed the example of many other victims and reported his experience to the police.

We can here make the interesting revelation that the individual who posed in this case as "Major Goodson" was actually an impostor who had no right to the name.

The victims of Martin, Graham and Co. are not confined to this country, but are also to be found upon the Continent.

In this connection dupes have undoubtedly been impressed by the fact

that the company runs its private yacht for transporting consignments of goods from French ports.

Martin and Co., too, self-described as "wine and spirit agents," has been obtaining supplies of wines from foreign firms in much the same way.

Delving into the history of the people behind these widespread swindles, we have unearthed some startling facts.

"Samuel James Charles Martin," we find, is only an alias for a William Henry Harrison, who has been associated with some of the biggest commercial swindles of post-war years.

His portrait occupies a prominent place in the Rogues' Gallery at Scotland Yard, where he is known by many other aliases.

Always out for big game, he seems incapable of going straight. Everything he touches is sure to be tainted.

Take the history of Martin and Co.

This firm started life some years ago at an office in Aldgate, London, E., its alleged proprietors being two youths who have since been convicted for fraud.

Goods to the value of nearly £20,000 were obtained through this firm, mostly with the aid of bogus references supplied by a West End concern, of which Martin, who then passed as Harrison, was proprietor.

A convicted forger

Martin wrote out the references himself, and the two youths who acted as dummy proprietors in Aldgate were really his employees.

Martin and Co., which has now been given a new lease of life in Ironmonger Lane, ended its first career in Aldgate in 1925.

Divisional Detective-Inspector Leach, acting on secret information, raided a West End flat, and took possession of a most up-to-date forgery plant.

Martin, who had been living at the

flat in fashionable style, was subsequently proved to have planned a gigantic counterfeiting scheme in company with numerous other adventurers.

He received a sentence of four and three years' penal servitude, to run concurrently.

The police told the judge who sentenced him that he was "one of the most cunning and dangerous criminals alive," who, in various names, had been behind many long-firm frauds.

Among his most stupendous coups has been the engineering of mythical robberies.

It will thus be seen that his name is the only thing he has changed since his release from his long sentence. His methods are case-hardened.

And what of his lieutenant, Captain Thomas Graham?

You 'ful "proprietor"?

He is only a pawn in the game, but before he became associated with Martin in the present scheme he was well known to the Vine Street police as a trickster who had duped numerous West End tradespeople with worthless cheques.

Another concern with which Martin has latterly had some connection is Hart and Co., of Godliman House, Godliman Street, London, E.C.

The registered proprietor is a youth named Harry Asher Haffner, who is under twenty.

Hart and Co. started its existence in May last in a dingy basement in Friday Street, London, E.C.

It is significant that it was soon able to move to the magnificent suite it now occupies.

More significant still is the fact that, in addition to the youth Haffner, there has been very much in evidence at the Godliman Street offices a man named Frank Hepden.

Hepden's picture likewise adorns the Rogues' Gallery as a hardened long-firm swindler, who has been to jail for robbing trusting traders.

Two years ago, in fact, he received twelve months' hard labour for swindling traders through a firm known as A. and S. Winston, Ltd., which was then established in Hatton Garden, London.

Truly vicious circle

Our investigations have also linked him with a gang of convicted rogues now operating a long-firm fraud in Southwark.

Is it surprising, then, that Hart and Co., of Godliman House, is likewise following the practice of obtaining goods on credit and leaving the wholesalers unpaid?

It will be seen that this circle of long-firm swindlers is a very wide one, and the authorities should exert every effort to break it up.

A Capital Catch

THE firm of E. Kemp and Co., of High Holborn, London, W.C., advertises its readiness to assist in business formation, and a Bishop Auckland reader who applied for particulars was told that "no doubt" capital could be arranged for the formation of a private limited liability company embracing his own business.

He was requested to complete a proposal form, while Kemp and Co. on its part promised to submit a "financial proposition."

The proposition, as later revealed, was for the formation of a £25,000 company, for which E. Kemp and Co. was to receive £21 in advance, apart from registration fees, stamp duties, and 5 per cent. on all shares taken up through its influence.

At this juncture our reader decided to seek our advice. It is fortunate that he did so, for we have been able to tell him to turn down the proposition without compunction.

Our reasons for giving this advice are numerous.

One point which ought to be mentioned is that none of the correspondence bears a personal signature, but is simply inscribed "E. Kemp and Co."

Yet enquiry shows that, officially, no such company exists, as the proprietors have omitted to register the name at Somerset House.

And one of the proprietors, we note, is a Mr. A. Reich, who has been associated with more than one dubious financial proposition in the past.

John Bull's Great Threefold Xmas Gift to You!

GIFT 1

Get out the Shilling Xmas Gift Voucher, attach it to Coupon below and post at once.



GIFT 2

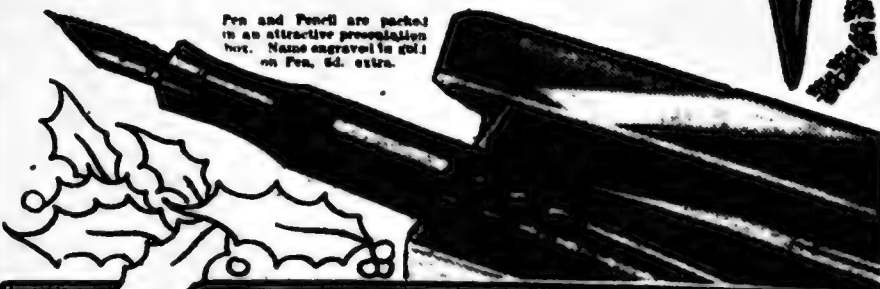
GIFT 3

Like a river that has burst its banks, "John Bull's" Xmas Gift Offer is carrying all before it. Never before has there been such a stupendous demand! Never before have such magnificent Gifts delighted so many thousands of readers! Have you got yours yet? If not, apply at once so that your gift package may reach you in ample time for Christmas.

What "John Bull" offers you Free!

- (1) A SHILLING GIFT VOUCHER which will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous 5/- Lever Filler "John Bull" Pen fitted with solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped. A 5 years' written guarantee sent with each pen. Universally admitted to be worth 15/-.
- (2) A 24-CARAT GOLD-PLATED GILLETTE RAZOR of the very latest pattern, "the greatest shaving improvement in 24 years." The blade, like the razor, is of an entirely new pattern, made of processed steel which resists rust. Packed in handsome and compact metal case.
- (3) A 3/6 "EVER-POINTED" PENCIL of an entirely new design. Sturdy enough for a captain of industry—charming enough for a leader of Society. The lovely colours accentuate the dazzling brilliance of the gold-plated mountings. Unscrew the base and you will find rubber and redills at your service. A clip just gives it the finishing touch.

Pen and Pencil are packed in an attractive presentation box. Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.



JOHN BULL'S XMAS GIFT COUPON

To "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., 27, FINSLEY ST., LONDON, W.C.2. I enclose "JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT VOUCHER value 1/-, which please accept in part payment of the famous 5/- "JOHN BULL" PEN. This also entitles me to the Free Presentation Razor Set and 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. I enclose Postal Order for 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance, making 4/6 in all.

NAME

ADDRESS

Pocket (tip for Pen 3d. extra. Tube of Pencil Refills 3d. Fine, medium, broad nib (cross out grades not required). Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Write in CAPITALS name or initials desired.

(4) Cross cheque, p.a. "E. & Co.", and make payable to "John Bull." J.R., 6/13/30.

HERE is the greatest Gramophone Offer ever made. We give you the choice of two magnificent instruments—a high-class Portable model, or a magnificent Table Grand Model, each with 12 HALF-CROWN RECORDS (24 Selections)

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

The GRAVES PORTABLE MODEL covered with waterproof leather cloth. Powerful and perfect for the home; convenient for carrying anywhere. Magnificent Sound Box. Receptacle in lid for Records. Price complete with 12 DOUBLE-SIDED £3.10.0

The GRAVES TABLE MODEL is of handsomely figured and polished Oak. Fitted with powerful Motor with reliable Worm Gear Drive. All components of the highest excellence. Newest improved type of reproducer. Price with 12 DOUBLE-SIDED £3.10.0

Complete with 12 Half-Crown Records.

TERMS Our Payment Plan is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, stating clearly whether you desire the Portable Model or the Graves Table Model, and complete purchase in 12 monthly payments of 5/- Full Approval. Money refunded if disappointed.

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5 NOW

DEC 25

THE DAY WILL COME

and with it those friends you hope to entertain. It will be a grand time for them and you. You are looking forward to the joyous festival, and so are they, but isn't it necessary that you be sure your home is as pretty and cozy as possible? Have a look to make sure. Are the floors as perfectly covered both for comfort and beauty as they ought to be? Don't spoil the effect of home charm through the lack of beautiful and warm floor coverings. Write to us for samples and designs of the low price floor covering more beautiful than any other. You can get it on Easy Terms or at special low cash prices.

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To approved orders on receipt of name and address.

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NEW SUPER IMPROVED CAPPED LEVER

This Improved New 1930 Model is a masterpiece of excellent workmanship and dependability, and it would be hard to find a more accurate, reliable, and hard-wearing timepiece, super movement enclosed in steel case, with a removable dial as illustrated. 1930 Improved Super-High Grade Swivelled lever movement, jewelled balance, accuracy timed and thoroughly tested. Dial of best material, bold, easily-read figures. Glass pan clear, hard and scratch-resistant. Crystal jewelled hands. Absolutely fully warranted.

ADDITIONAL FREE GIFT

To every purchaser we are also presenting absolutely Free of all charge a **DOUBLE POCKET-TO-POCKET CURS ALB. RT WITH SEAL.**

Send right now for this splendid Watch. A postcard is paid. Cash price under 7 days 15/-.

Let this grand Watch keep you cool on time.

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HUGE Gramophone-Record Sensation

THIS journal, with which I am proud to be associated, can justly claim to have exposed many of the worst company scandals long before the inevitable crashes occurred.

But so varied are the subjects dealt with in these pages that I fear this fact is liable to be overlooked.

I would therefore remind readers that fourteen months ago, under the prophetic heading "Next Big City Crash," much space was devoted to the affairs of a £250,000 undertaking called British Brunswick, Ltd., which was to manufacture and market gramophone records.

The name of Count Anthony de Bosdari appeared on the prospectus as managing director.

No balance-sheet

Yearly profits of £100,000 were optimistically estimated, and the prospectus was so impressive that the public took up all the shares offered for sale—something like £180,000 in value.

That was in November, 1927—nearly two years before we found it necessary to comment on disquieting facts which shareholders had brought to our notice.

We took exception to four principal points: that the company had paid no dividend; that, far from making the estimated profit of £100,000, it was swamped in difficulties; that Count Anthony de Bosdari had resigned; and that, in spite of repeated promises and undue delay, no balance-sheet was available.

British Brunswick's position was so black that it was possible to tell shareholders that their money was gone and that the company could not hope to avert a crash.

The accuracy of this contention is now confirmed, and the history of the

past fourteen months affords yet another illustration of the growing evil of directors issuing prospectuses which should never see print.

In the light of the information now in my possession it is clear that the prospectus contained many inaccuracies.

For instance, it claimed that the company had acquired certain assets and had made a profit of over £10,000 in the eleven months preceding the issue of the prospectus.

It is now clear that by December, 1927—a month after this rosy prospectus was issued—the company had lost £73,791.

The prospectus also spoke in the highest terms of "exclusive concessions" from foreign companies for the manufacture of records.

Actually, the arrangements made in this respect were suicidal to the company's interests, and became a financial burden on its resources.

The auditors whose certificate appeared on the company's prospectus found difficulties with the incomplete books, and adopted the figures on the "verbal assurances" of the directors.

The value of some of these assurances is now painfully apparent.

The first meeting of the company, which was to have been held in 1927, was adjourned for the presentation of the first balance-sheet.

More complications

I find that this adjourned meeting has never taken place, and that even to this day no accounts have ever been laid before the shareholders.

Why? About six months after the company's prospectus was issued, an interesting company promoter named Edward Dalton Parsons joined the board with two others, one of whom was titled, but is now deceased.



Mr. Justice Bennett ordered the compulsory winding-up of British Brunswick

All were at that time directors of another equally disastrous gramophone venture—Duophone and Unbreakable Records Company, Ltd.

An exceptionally ambitious and complicated scheme of amalgamation, sub-contracting, and involved financial transactions was now begun with numerous other companies.

But, instead of straightening out things, the effect was just the reverse, and the original grandiose object of the British Brunswick Company to "become the premier gramophone-record company" was more unlikely of fulfilment than ever.

What, then, is the position to-day? There is a total deficiency of £344,700, against "cash in hand" £43 7s. 6d.

The company has "doubtful" book-debts of £5,109 and "bad" book debts of £62,177, while £120,070 has been "lost in investments."

A sum of £125,769 is due to creditors, while a loss of £218,931 has to be borne by the deluded shareholders who will get nothing from this appalling wreck.

Whose fault?

In the early stages, it is illuminating to reveal, contracts were made with artists for recording purposes by people connected with the company who entirely lacked the commercial ability necessary for this responsibility.

Thousands of pounds due to the company for goods supplied were found to be owing from people on the verge of bankruptcy when credit was given.

Why such business should have been entertained passes all conjecture.

In the same way, it says little for the business acumen of those concerned that tremendous stocks which the company acquired were permitted to lie on hand till they became obsolete.

The explanation given by Mr. Parsons for the company's downfall is that "it commenced business on an ambitious scale with insufficient capital which had vanished" before he and his two friends from the Duophone concern joined the board, and because the stocks and debts then existing were not good or recoverable.

Whose fault was that? The secretary of the company, on the other hand, goes even further.

"The name of Count Anthony de Bosdari appeared on the prospectus"

He says that the company was badly managed in the early stages, and attributes its colossal failure to the investment of the company's funds in subsidiary and outside companies, thereby diverting money which should have been used for its own business.

Further, he complains that substantial losses were sustained through the despatch to factors of unordered goods for which they refused to accept responsibility.

Whose fault, I may also ask, was this?

Mr. Parsons seems to be most unfortunate in company affairs, having been associated with several unsound flotations.

A terrific toll

The Duophone Company, of which he was also a director, likewise began with a capital of £250,000, but is now in liquidation with a total deficiency of £320,000.

In fact, the investors in both these concerns, in which the joint losses amount to £663,073, have had a very disastrous run for their money.

The Companies Department of the Board of Trade owes it to them to probe the whole scandalous position to the utmost.

In conclusion, I ought to say that my remarks do not, of course, apply to the famous American Brunswick Company, which is now itself controlling the sale of Brunswick products in this country.

QUACK'S BAD ADVICE

A WOMAN living in Dursley, Gloucestershire, was recently examined by a travelling optician, who pronounced her to be suffering from cataract.

She was naturally greatly perturbed by this diagnosis, but the optician, Victor Hilton, of Bevington Road, North Kensington, London, W., told her that he would supply two pairs of spectacles, one for permanent wear and the other for reading.

It so happened that the lady was already wearing glasses, but these Hilton said he must take away in order to fit the special lenses.

She was thus persuaded to pay £1 on account. The next heard of Hilton was a letter dated from his North Kensington address, in which he pressed for payment of a further £3 10s. for the spectacles he was supposed to be preparing.

"We need hardly point out," the letter ran, "that the longer you leave this matter the greater the danger that your prescription will alter becomes."

As this letter aroused her suspicion, the woman obtained professional advice, and, as a result of a most careful examination by a fully qualified ophthalmic and dispensing optician, was relieved to hear that there

were no traces of cataract in her eyes.

Actually her defect was a form of astigmatism, and, needless to say, her original glasses should not have been taken away.

This case reveals a disquieting point in regard to the operations of travelling opticians.

To invoke legal aid would mean expending considerably more cash than she has done already, and it is doubtful whether the result would justify it.

There is nothing to prevent a quack of this sort from pleading that it was his opinion that the patient was suffering from cataract, and action can hardly be taken for mistaken opinion.

But this heightens, rather than lessens, the scandal, for it means that any unqualified man can prescribe for eye afflictions with small risk of being punished.

What is needed is some form of legislation which will make it impossible for unorthodox opticians to practise in this way.

How sadly this legislation is overdue will be apparent when we say that Victor Hilton has no qualifications to justify his undertaking the delicate task he has assumed.

His real name is Harry Mitman.

100 Boxes Xmas FREE

Would you like a case of our various lines to help out the Xmas fare with enough to spare for some time after? If so, just buy a bottle of Military Pickle, take some with the next Cold Meat meal and write on a P.C. (in not more than 30 words) how it appeals to you. There is only one condition. Remove the label from the lid of the bottle and stick it on your postcard. Any number of entries may be sent; each bearing a label. Awards will be made to the best hundred efforts. Our decision is FINAL. Results will be announced in the Daily Press.

CLOSING DATE, MONDAY, DEC. 8th.

CONTENTS:

One large MILITARY PICKLE. One Bottle MILITARY SAUCE. One pint Bottle OLD ENGLISH PICCALILLI. One 1 pint Bottle KARJAT INDIAN CHUTNEY. One 1 pint Bottle LAW'S CHUTNEY. One Bottle GINGER WINE.

Apart from this Competition you will enjoy Military Pickle. It is made from fresh vegetables blended with Pure Malt Vinegar and delicious spices. It is neither too hard nor too soft. Its flavour neither too sweet nor too sharp, just piquant enough to put the appetite on edge without losing the flavour of the cold meat.

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Let Galloway's get a grip on that cold of yours and hey presto—it is gone! Galloway's acts so quickly and so surely.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Unsolicited Testimony.—Mr. George Clarke, the well-known comedian (of the successful Musical Play, "Darling, I Love You," at the Gaiety Theatre, London), writes: "It is most essential for me to keep free from coughs and colds, and I have relied entirely upon Galloway's Cough Syrup. I am always sure of giving my turn without having to contend with coughs and colds."



Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price 1/3 & 2/6 per bottle, or direct from P. H. GALLOWAY Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E.17. Price 1/3 & 2/6 post free.

COMPANY MEETING.

ANSELLS BREWERY LIMITED.

CHAIRMAN ON TRADE DIFFICULTIES.

BREWERS KEEP FAITH.

The thirtieth ordinary general meeting of the shareholders of Ansell's Brewery Limited, was held on Wednesday, November 26th, at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, Mr. James A. Fairhurst (chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Arthur Kimberley) read the notice convening the meeting, and the auditors' certificate was presented by Mr. Howard Fisher, of Messrs. Fisher, Randle and Fisher.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the reports and statement of accounts, said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen: Before commencing the business of the meeting, I must apologise for the absence of Mr. Thomas Ansell, my joint managing director. Your Board, and, I am sure, the shareholders, regret this, especially as it is through illness. Mr. Ansell is away from home recuperating, and, I am pleased to say, is much better in health.

Last year our secretary (Mr. Winterton) was unable to be present at the general meeting through illness, and unfortunately since that time his health has not improved, and he has resigned his position. Mr. A. Kimberley, who has been assistant secretary for many years, having been appointed in his stead. For thirty-five years Mr. Winterton had been a trusted and valued official of the company, always giving of his best, and I can assure you that your Board fully appreciate the services he rendered, and with great regret accepted his resignation. It is really quite unnecessary for me to tell most of you how much companies owe to competent, trustworthy and assiduous officials.

THE BALANCE SHEET.

The directors' report and balance-sheet have been printed and circulated amongst you, and I presume you wish to take them as read. We have been hoping now for a long time for improvement in trade; you remember, no doubt, the proverb: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but when the desire cometh it is a tree of life." I do not imagine, with this balance-sheet before them, that the hearts of the shareholders are sick, but all of us will rejoice when "the desire cometh." I do not think that there is any necessity to refer to more than two or three items on the balance-sheet. First, you will notice that the paid-up ordinary share capital now stands at £800,000. The increase of £200,000 was caused by the capitalisation of that amount of reserve and the distribution of 40,000 fully-paid shares amongst the ordinary shareholders. That explains the reason why the reserve fund now stands at £280,000.

The other item to which I wish to draw your attention is the profit of £174,733. This, compared with the corresponding figure of last year, £189,329, shows a drop in our profit of between £14,000 and £15,000. This is regrettable, but it does not surprise me. We had to reckon during the period under review with months of exceptionally bad weather. Last year I told you that we were engaged in a business which deals with a very large public who are particularly affected by the two factors of bad trade and unemployment. Such factors were operating last year, and have continued to do so, as you all know, with increasing force right up to today. How long it will go on I do not know, but there is this redeeming feature—the situation is now so bad that men of all classes are co-operating to remedy it, irrespective of any political bias which they previously had when circumstances were dif-

ferent. So that I think that in this case out of a temporary evil a permanent good may arise.

BREWERS' PROMISE TO THE CHANCELLOR.

Another matter which has affected our profits has been the extra 3s. a standard barrel beer duty which was imposed this year, and which particularly affects your company, owing to the high strength of our beers. The promise the brewers gave to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to bear this duty themselves and not pass it on to the public or the retailers has been honourably kept, but your profits have to this extent suffered. I had my doubts at the time as to the wisdom of giving any such promise, and having regard to the increase of the income-tax from 4s. to 4s. 6d. in the pound (of which we were unaware when the promise was given) I am now of the opinion that it was premature, and we ought not to have bound ourselves in such a manner.

During the course of the year the directors have elected to the Board Sir Pierce Lacy, Bart., and Mr. Alfred Inman Sherwin, and in accordance with the articles of association they both come up for re-election. In electing Sir Pierce Lacy and Mr. Alfred Sherwin members of the Board, your directors are confident that such action will meet with the hearty approval of the shareholders. Both these gentlemen are very well known to you and in the City of Birmingham for their business ability, and I feel sure you have the fullest confidence in their capability of guarding your interests.

The brewery and properties of the company and all plant and machinery have, as usual, been fully kept up out of income, and the gravity and quality of our product have been maintained. I have every reason to hope, therefore, that as and when trade improves and employment increases your company will have at least their proportion of the benefits that will then arise.

MAKING ORDINARY SHARES MARKETABLE.

There is one other matter I should like to mention. The ordinary shares of this company have up to now been privately held, and with a view of making them marketable it is necessary to alter our articles of association so as to comply with Stock Exchange requirements. At the same time it is desirable to bring such articles up to date and in accordance with the Companies Act, 1929. You will therefore very shortly be receiving a notice calling a special meeting to consider new articles as well as the sub-division of the present ordinary share of £5 into five shares of £1 each.

Before formally moving the resolution, I would like to take the opportunity of congratulating our staff and workpeople on the excellent services they have rendered during the past year, and on the splendid loyalty they always display. Your directors appreciate it, and I am sure you do.

I now beg to move the following resolution:—"That the report and accounts be received and adopted and that the following final dividends be paid for the half-year ended September 30, 1930—viz.: At the rate of 5 per cent. per annum (less income-tax) on the Preference shares, and at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum, together with a bonus of 2½ per cent. on the Ordinary shares (both free of income-tax).

Mr. A. E. Ansell (assistant managing director): I have very much pleasure in seconding the resolution. The resolution was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

Mr. W. Heath, J.P. moved: "That Sir Pierce Lacy, Bart., be re-elected a director of the company."

Mr. Heath said that Sir Pierce was a man whose name carried great weight in the commercial and financial world, and his reputation was of a high standard. Having regard to the wonderful success of the company in the past, he could not help but think that the Board would be strengthened by the inclusion of Sir Pierce.

Captain Crossland seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously. Sir Pierce suitably acknowledged.

Mr. Frank Woolley moved: "That Mr. A. I. Sherwin be re-elected a director of the company." Mr. Woolley referred to the fact that Mr. Sherwin was a partner of the late Mr. Joseph Ansell, who was a brother of the founders of the business. Mr. Joseph Ansell was a great asset to the company, with his wonderful personality and knowledge of the trade. He (Mr. Woolley) knew Mr. Sherwin's great successes, his few failures, and incidentally, many of his fragilities, but he was not going to talk about that. The company could be quite sure that it would be of great assistance to have Mr. Sherwin at their Board meetings.

Mr. W. Scott, seconding the resolution, said as a member of the Board he would like to welcome Mr. Sherwin. He knew Mr. Sherwin had some very excellent ideas and he was sure they would all profit by hearing of them. To use the chairman's illustration, he hoped they would hasten the coming of the "tree of life."

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Sherwin, in thanking the shareholders, said that he would be proud to occupy the position to which they had elected him, and would do his best to justify the confidence they had placed in him.

On the proposition of Mr. James Marson, seconded by Mr. L. Litherland, Messrs. Fisher, Randle and Fisher were re-elected auditors for the ensuing year.

Mr. H. Fisher, on behalf of his firm, thanked the shareholders on their re-election as auditors.

Mr. Alfred Aston, proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff, said he had proposed this resolution at annual meetings for many years and it was with great pleasure that he did it again. If he might divert from the subject a little, he would like to congratulate the shareholders and other directors on the re-election of Sir Pierce Lacy and Mr. Sherwin. He congratulated them on acquiring gentlemen of such business acumen and, as other speakers had said, he was sure the Board would benefit by their services. He would also congratulate Mr. Kimberley on his appointment as secretary. He (Mr. Aston) well remembered Mr. Kimberley coming as a boy to the offices in Park Road and he had seen him working in harmony with Mr. Winterton, whom they all regretted had had to retire from office. They trusted that Mr. Winterton would be restored to health so that he might enjoy his retirement for many years.

Mr. C. E. A. Flewitt seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously and acknowledged by the chairman.

BARGAINS Wonderful!

See Pages
3 and 10.

£5 for a LIFE OF TOIL

MR. WILLIAM FAIRCHILD has just passed away at his home in Church Road, Barking, Essex, in circumstances of dire poverty.

An old railway worker of sixty-seven years, it has been said by some that he was broken-hearted at the treatment meted out to him after a lifetime's service.

Mr. Fairchild retired from the London, Midland and Scottish Railway in February, 1929, after forty-seven years' service as a permanent-way ganger.

At the time of his retirement he received a letter expressing appreciation of his long and faithful service with the company, while in addition he was provided with a most glowing testimonial.

Thanks!

"During this time (his forty-seven years' service) he has taken charge of many important works on the Tilbury section," the testimonial ran, "which he has carried out in a very satisfactory manner."

Such a record, our readers will agree, could hardly be maligned.

And what was Mr. Fairchild's reward for all these years of important and faithful service?

We regret to say that, apart from the letter of thanks referred to, the only tangible offering the company had to make to this old man took the form of a grant of £10.

This paltry grant, without any pension whatever, would be miserable enough in any circumstance, but it is all the more galling in the light of other circumstances which became apparent on enquiry.

Mr. Fairchild was one of the original employees of the old London, Tilbury and Southend Railway Company.

When this concern was merged with the Midland Railway Company in 1912 an assurance was given that the change would be in no way detrimental to employees.

Insult by "fiver"

Indeed, at that time, an amount of approximately £53,000 was shown in the last balance-sheet issued by the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway Company as being set aside for old servants of this company.

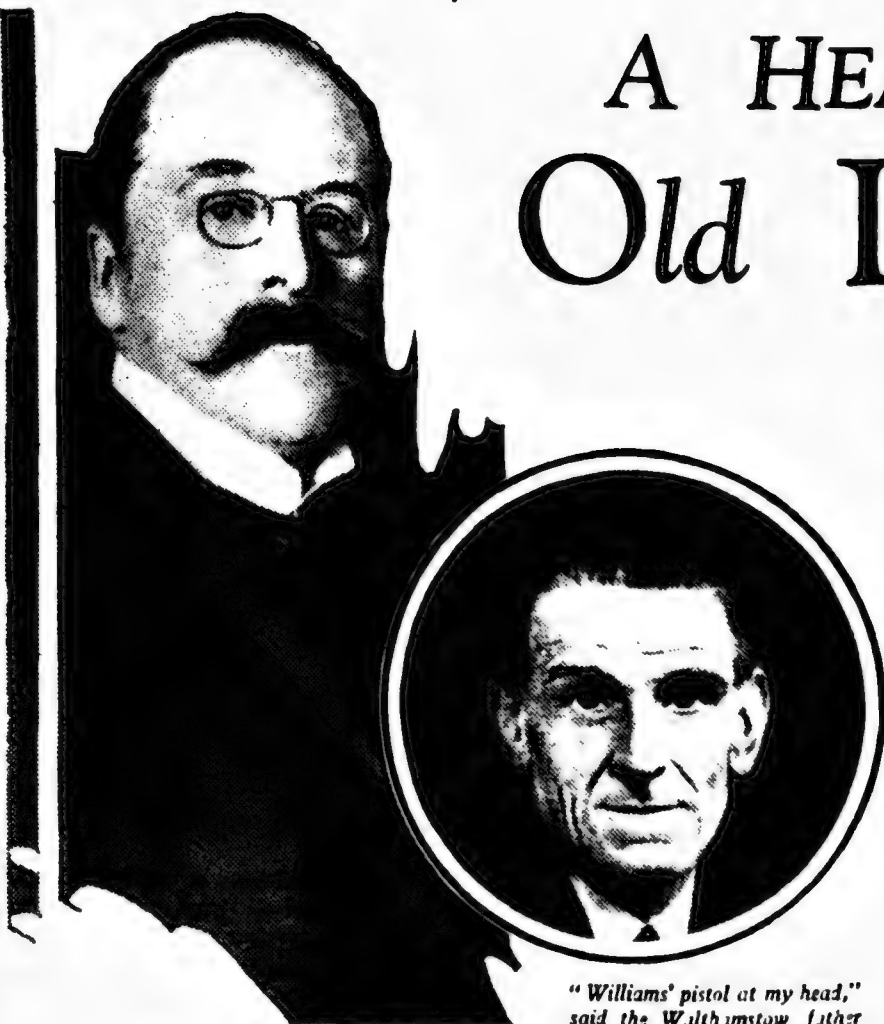
Mr. Fairchild, as we have seen, spent the greater part of his life in the railway's service, to be rewarded at the end with a miserable £10.

We fear that his is far from being

(Continued at foot of col 2).



"Died in poverty"
— Mr. William Fairchild



... appeared before Sir George Truscott at the Guildhall

"Williams' pistol at my head," said the Walthamstow father whose portrait you see above

WE have received a distressing appeal from a Walthamstow reader, who urges us to give publicity to the present activities of a man

named Frederick Edward Williams.

A resident in Anson Road, Tufnell Park, London, N., Williams is in business as a financier at Holborn Viaduct House, London, E.C.

Complaints from clients who have been mulct of fees for services which have proved negligible have occurred over a period of years, during which Williams was operating from offices in Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

The Walthamstow man is not primarily concerned with the financial operations of Williams, though.

He is troubled by the experience of his twenty-one-year-old daughter, who has been shamefully treated by Williams in quite another way.

The girl was introduced to this so-called financier some time ago, and they gradually became friendly.

A man of extreme plausibility, as many of his business transactions reveal, Williams entertained this young girl considerably, and wrote her a number of letters which left no doubt as to his endearing frame of mind towards her.

Since he was old enough to be her father and already a married man, this conduct alone reveals him, in the eyes of all right-minded people, in a despicable light.

Girl's admission

But with his plausible pen he continued to play upon the girl's emotions, writing soulfully of love, life and laughter, joy, sorrow, pain and tears of regret in the extravagant strain favoured in romantic novelettes.

Suddenly the girl became extremely ill. She admitted to her father that Williams was the cause of her unhappiness and that she had been on very friendly terms with him.

The girl's father promptly called upon Williams at his Holborn Viaduct office, and, having discovered that he was a married man, told him plainly that he would have been disposed to

Continued from col. 1

an isolated case. We have many instances before us where other workers with similar long records of service have been retired without pension and only a purely nominal cash grant.

One permanent-way worker, Mr. G. Appleton, left the railway after thirty-seven years of hard toil with the handsome sum of £5 to cheer him in his old age.

Another permanent-way worker, Mr. G. Kirby, gave nearly fifty-two years of devoted service to the railway, to be rewarded with £15.

Other equally scandalous examples may be mentioned in passing.

Mr. G. Chandler, a ticket-collector with forty-seven years' service, and Mr. C. Mann, a signaller with 44 years' service, received £20 respectively.

Mr. H. Barnard spent forty years in the telegraph department and received £10 on retirement, and Mr. J. Britton spent forty years as a permanent-way worker, to retire with only £5.

Surely something more could have been done for these old workers?

Looking back through the records, we find instances in the days of the old London, Tilbury and Southend Railway Company of employees who were treated very differently upon retirement.

They had pensions of as much as 14s. a week, and 14s. in those days went very much further than £1 would go to-day.

It's their right

Considering that these pension rates prevailed when the cost of living was much lower than now, the pensionless men of to-day have a genuine grievance.

Why should those old London and Tilbury workers who have stayed on in the service until the winter of their days be penalised?

Surely they are equally entitled to a pension, or at least to a very much more substantial grant than those which have been made in the cases we have cited.

A HEARTLESS Old Lothario

thrash him had he been a younger man.

Williams at once grew abusive and menacing—characteristics which he has repeatedly displayed when confronted by financial victims who have had the temerity to demand their money back.

Revolver threat

On this occasion he went so far as to produce a revolver in an attempt to intimidate the girl's father, the result being that he was summoned for uttering threats.

In court he admitted having been friendly with the girl, and was bound over to be of good behaviour for twelve months.

Owing to a mention of the case which appeared in a daily paper, the girl's father received a letter from another of Williams' victims, who alleged that he had been swindled out of £50.

Williams, he complained, had promised to find funds to enable him to purchase a business, but had failed to keep his promise.

When, the writer added, he went to Williams' office in an endeavour to obtain satisfaction, a revolver was similarly brandished at him.

Yet during the Guildhall proceedings Williams actually swore that he did not even possess a revolver!

Other failures on the part of Williams have been numerous. We have a score of complaints before us at the moment, and, quite apart from his reprehensible conduct in the case here dealt with, we strongly urge the public in general to avoid him.

Most of the complaints we have received show that he has repeatedly obtained fees from people who fully believed that he was going to assist them in raising capital for business ventures, but who ultimately found themselves no better off.

With astounding finesse, Williams would assume an air of righteous indignation when openly challenged. Those who ventured into his office would be shouted down or threatened with legal action.

Called in the police!

Those who wrote complainingly to him were similarly hectorated.

"It is very improper," he wrote to one dupe, "to suggest that you have been defrauded, and a writ for libel, damage or trespass will be issued against you if the conduct exhibited to-day is repeated."

On more than one occasion he has actually sent for a policeman and had his victim ejected by complaining that he was trespassing.

Among the trading names in which he has advertised for clients are the high-sounding ones of "Business Exchange Corporation" and "The Abbey Trust."

He is clearly a man to be shunned.

Our dossier contains more than one instance where women have parted with money to Williams in the belief that they were to receive the benefit of his financial services.

If any further victims care to submit their cases to us we shall be pleased to look into them.

**TWO BIG SENSATIONS
THIS WEEK—ONE ON
PAGE 14 AND THE OTHER
ON PAGE 40**

by E. ROFFE
THOMPSON

MRS. ALICE THOMAS, the Lewannick farmer's wife, whose death has suddenly become one of the most remarkable mysteries of modern times, is the latest of a long tale of victims whose "removal" has been made easy owing to the laxity of the law regarding the sale of arsenic. In face of the fact that the poisoneries of the last thirty or forty years have nearly all been founded on arsenic, the continued ease with which this deadly substance can be obtained passes belief.

It is not so much wonderful as absolutely marvellous.

What are we to think, for instance, of a law which says that if arsenic is coloured black the pharmacist may sell it by the ounce only; but if he sells it in its uncoloured white state he may not sell less than ten pounds—which is enough to poison something like 6,000 people?

It is, of course, necessary to sign the chemist's "poison-book"—but, believe me, there are plenty of ways of dodging that little regulation.

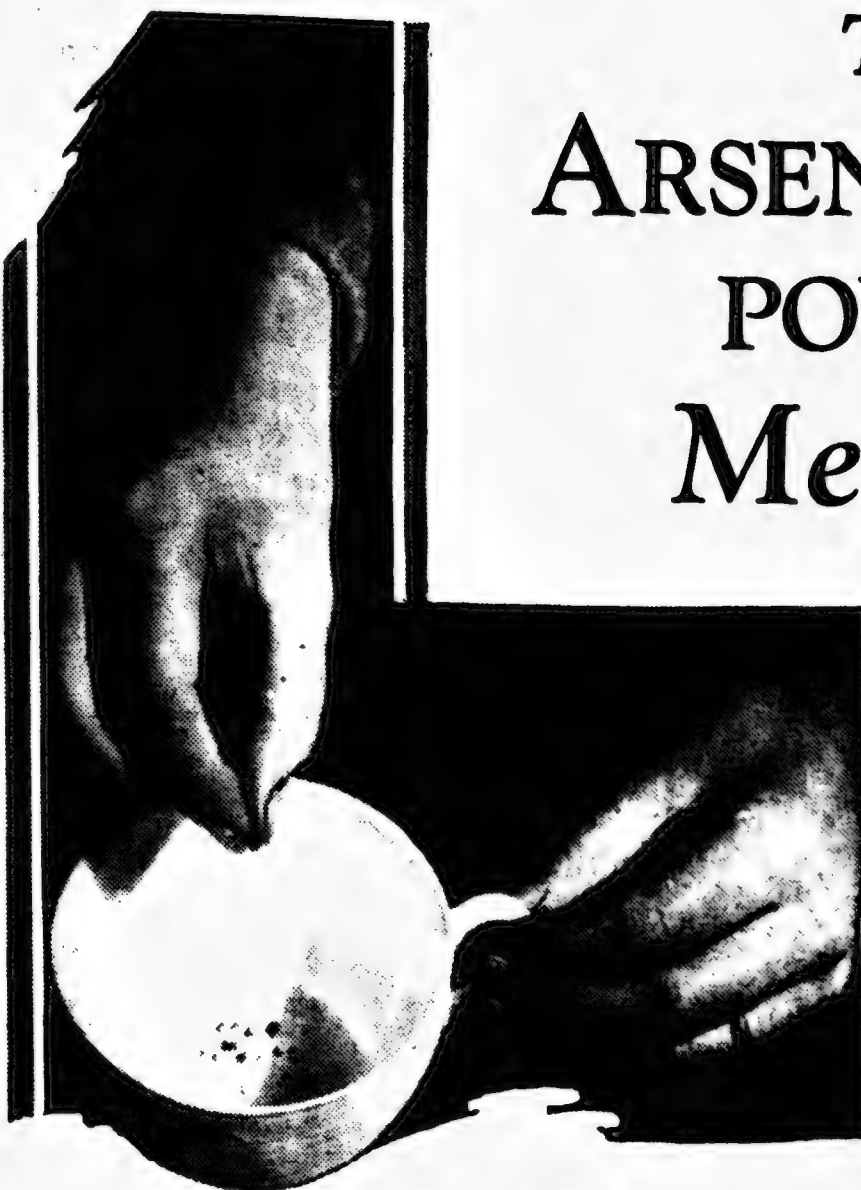
"Poison, please!"

In any event, as case after case has proved, it isn't in the least necessary to run the risk of buying arsenic as such.

There are plenty of weed-killers and sheep-dips that contain all the arsenic that anyone is likely to want.

And under the present chaotic laws relating to the sale of poisons any corn-chandler or ironmonger can obtain a "horticultural poisons licence," which enables any untrained and unqualified person to sell arsenic in a number of forms.

"A chemist," said a leading barrister recently, "may not sell half an ounce of powdered arsenic to a youth under 16 who wants it for killing rats, but a corn-dealer or storekeeper may sell a gallon of liquid arsenic, or a pound of powdered arsenic made up into a packet and called 'weed-killer,' to any



Enough arsenic to kill five people . . . between finger and thumb

boy of sixteen whom he knows, and who says he wants it for killing weeds in his father's garden."

The "weed-killer" on which the case of Mrs. Alice Thomas turns was described as being "practically all arsenic."

Let us leave arsenic—for there are others.

Any little oilshop anywhere, for instance, can sell dangerous corrosives,

like carbolic acid, oxalic acid or vitriol, with impunity.

Any London hospital can tell you of the scores of attempted suicides with which it has to deal as the result of the ease with which people can purchase these death-dealing agents.

It is all very well to rule that these deadly liquids must be sold only in bottles of a certain colour and shape; but a man or woman intent on self-destruction is not hindered even when the bottle is labelled with the word "Poison."

There was a case reported not long ago when some little boys were found in possession of some sticks of gelignite.

They didn't know what they were; they had used them to throw at trains. No one will ever know by what miracle a terrible disaster was avoided.

The newspapers contain continual stories of the theft of poisons and dangerous drugs from the motor-cars of careless doctors. Recently five cases were reported in a single month.

Grains of death

One doctor even left unattended in his car some tubes of deadly bacteria which contained enough disease to start a national epidemic.

They were stolen, and the entire police of the country were set searching for them. Even the British Broadcasting Corporation sent out agitated messages asking for their return.

Fortunately, they were found intact—but, again, who will ever know how narrowly a disaster was averted?

It is not long since sixty people, including a number of small children, were made seriously ill by eating sweets that had been coated with powdered arsenic instead of sugar.

There was enough powdered arsenic at large to kill a quarter of a million of people, and only the vigilant em-

The ARSENIC- POISONING Menace

ciency of the police prevented a wholesale tragedy.

Now I see that some more children have been taken ill—through precisely the same cause.

It is a sorry tale—and well-nigh without end.

There are more cases than the public know of doctors' prescriptions being used to obtain poison or deadly narcotics, of people being given deadly drugs instead of beneficial medicine.

Out of reach

Now, if you are expecting me to put all the blame for this sort of thing on the law, you will be disappointed.

I think it is true that the whole question of the sale of poisons and poisonous substances is long overdue for reconsideration, and that the Acts relating to them badly need overhauling and bringing up to date; but that will only remedy part of the evil.

It will do nothing to stop people leaving explosives where small boys can get at them, nor will it stop careless people behaving as though these matters were anyone's responsibility but theirs.

A very great deal of the trouble lies in the astonishing lack of social responsibility that so many people display.

Your responsibility

When I hear of a small child going to a medicine-cupboard and drinking poison—and there have been many such cases—my sympathy with the parents does not prevent me saying emphatically that the poison should not have been where any child could get at it.

All the time, in all these cases, there is a lack of responsibility displayed that is simply appalling.

It is not the asininity of the law, but the irresponsibility of the doctor, that leads to poisons and deadly germs being left in unattended motor-cars.

It is sheer thoughtlessness and lack of social sense that allows anyone to leave weed-killer, rat poisons and the like where children and irresponsible people can get at them.

If people would only be willing to shoulder the responsibility they assume when they buy these things, a great deal of the danger now existing would automatically disappear; but even so the law might at least treat deadly drugs with the same respect that it treats petrol.

It's a crime

It is an offence to store petrol in any but an authorised place. Surely it should also be an offence to store liquid or powdered death at the free disposal of anyone who cares to walk in and take it?

All the same, there is no real reason for complaining except to be angry. It is not a crime, but a few cases in which carelessness itself should be the criminal offence.

The Human Machine

The Getting Giver

ONE of the famous laws of physics states that the absorbing power of any substance is equal to its power of emission. Any substance gives out heat just in proportion as it absorbs it. The best absorbers are the best emitters.

It is a law of physics that might well be called a law of life, for men and women are just like that. Those who take most from life give most out again; those who take least, give least.

See how it works out. If you are interested in people, people will be interested in you; if you are made happy by life, you will have the power of making others happy in your turn; if you suck in sadness and sourness from life, you will only radiate gloom and despair.

Life has its laws no less than physics. Who gets, gives. Who gets most, gives most. Who gets nothing, gives nothing, for he has nothing to give.

BUT where life scores over physics is that there is no limit to what you can get. The human mind has no "saturation point" at which it can hold no more.

It has no "boiling point," no "bursting point"—you can take and take from life's stores just as much as ever you wish.

And life scores again because you can get by giving. You simply can't radiate happiness without getting more happiness in return. You can't make others interested without increasing your own interest. It's quite impossible to help others without being helped yourself.

When Cochran called one of his revues "Wake Up and Dream," he was dealing in deeper matters than he knew.

THUNDERBOLT



...existing coupon values scattered to the Wind.

B.D.V. makes Coupon Collecting a National Pastime.

The Set that set the New Standard

500 Coupons! Not 1250 — the number that would be asked for similar value in many other gift schemes! The magnificent Kolster-Brandes 2-valve Set merely points out the new B.D.V. Standard of values — the Standard that now applies to all B.D.V. Gifts.

The most compact of all 2-valve sets. Size 7½ by 7½ by 7½. Highly sensitive regenerative receiver. Pure-toned loudspeaker of novel design built in lid. Polished dark figured-mahogany finished case in beautiful Bakelite. Complete with two Fotos valves and full instructions.

FREE

**FOR ONLY
500
COUPONS**

Just a few of the astounding coupon reductions. All other gifts similarly reduced.

ART SILK STOCKINGS Made from Sunon®. Yarn. Point heel. Fine gauge. Fashionable shades. Sizes 20-24. NOW 25 *	GOODSON RECORDS Featherweight! And never need new needles. All the best numbers. NOW 20 *
--	--

* 13 PACKETS OF 20 — ONLY

* 10 PACKETS OF 20 — ONLY

PURATONE SOUND BOX For perfect gramophone re- production. Once set, never needs adjustment. NOW 30	PEARL NECKLACE Beautiful three-row artificial pearl necklace. Like real pearls! NOW 30
---	---

FOTOS VALVES A wonderful new long-life valve. Improves every set. NOW 50	'MATCH' FOOTBALL Smart leather case. Pure Pure rubber bladder. A real goal keeper! NOW 80
---	--

'OLD ENGLISH' TEAPOT Richly chased. Sheffield silver-plated. Elegant shape and design. NOW 125	'BONNET' FOUNTAIN PEN 14-ct. gold nib. Self-filling. Fully guaranteed. Usually sold at 10/6. NOW 50
---	--

BREAD KNIFE Latest 1939 new-edge. Sheffield steel blade. Com- fortable, well-balanced handle. NOW 25	LADY'S CHURCH UMBRELLA Black bordered taffeta cover. Solid frame. Fancy gingham handle. NOW 100
--	--

LADY'S OVERALL Wrap-over shape. Red or blue spot on charming cello ground. Past colours. NOW 35	3 TABLESPOONS In 'James' design, made throughout in 'Silver' or 'Old English' design in S.P.M.S. NOW 40
--	---

LADY'S MACINTOSH Reinforced seams. Loose fit- ting, with pockets and storm cuffs. Very smart! NOW 125	HOT WATER BOTTLE Samson rubber. Very tough and durable. Heavy filling. Famous British make. NOW 45
--	---

PURE SILK STOCKINGS 100%. Pure silk. Point heel. Double gauge top. In all fashionable shades. NOW 55 *	SMOKER'S KNIFE Sheffield made. Narrow blade for scraping. Spine and handle. NOW 25
---	---

* 20 PACKETS OF 20 — ONLY

* 15 PACKETS OF 20 — ONLY

* EVEN LESS COUPONS ARE REQUIRED FROM B.D.V. TOBACCO — EACH TOBACCO COUPON BEING WORTH 1½ CIGARETTE COUPONS.

B.D.V.

20 for 11½

**with 2 Coupons
worth 3 TIMES
other coupon
Values**

B.D.V., the cigarette that set the Standard in coupon values, goes further ahead.

Present day trading conditions enable us to buy in volume in the right place and at the right time. By placing immense contracts with manufacturers who are anxious to keep their workers on full time and by working on minimum profits ourselves we are able to announce the sensational new B.D.V. values.

Now—every B.D.V. coupon is worth four—five—six times as much as coupons in other gift schemes.

Even B.D.V. gifts can be had for as low as half the number of coupons hitherto required.

We do not offer more coupons per packet, we give more value for coupons and charge only 11½d. for 20. Compare the astounding values in the accompanying panel.

Smoke only B.D.V. for highest value in cigarettes and gifts.

* **SPECIAL All new B.D.V. values NOTICE now in full operation.**

**THIS IS THE GIFT BOOK
FOR YOURSELF
THE SENSATIONAL
REDUCTIONS.**



Please send me to get my gifts in less than half of the amazing B.D.V. Gift Book the astounding coupon values which

Name.....

Address.....

Infamous INCOME-TAX Tyranny

Without
FEAR—



*The official tried the paper
into the invalid's hand...
It was a writ*

—or
FAVOUR

WHEN the bureaucrat goes mad he is worse than a dog with rabies. He bites all and sundry, and sometimes the vaccine does not arrive in time to save the victims.

The great body of our income-tax collectors is sound, but there is a proportion of these men which takes over the cloak of the torturer in mediæval dungeon.

JOHN BULL urges upon the senior officials of the Service the need to select their instruments more carefully. Either that or they must abolish the whole system of collecting revenue on a commission basis.

For the Civil Servant, though a bureaucrat, is also a decent man. There are scalliwags, morons and entrenched incompetents among them, but mostly they are sound—indeed, the soundest in the world.

Will the authorities try and purge the administration of this sort of income-tax collector?

A London man lay ill in hospital. Physicians had ordered the nursing staff that he must remain in absolute peace and quiet for three months if his health was to be won back.

Outside, the invalid's small business was going on as usual, and ordinary events were happening in connection with it.

One of these was the routine delivery of his income-tax assessment.

THE man's representatives wrote to the inspector of taxes and informed him regarding the position. They pointed out that the money could not be paid until he was able to leave hospital, but, so that he might not be disturbed, they were prepared on his behalf to admit liability for the full amount claimed.

A humane and business-like proposal in the interests of a crippled taxpayer, everyone would think.

The income-tax authorities sent an agent a few days ago to call upon the sick man, and it can only be surmised that he obtained admission to the hospital ward by posing as a friendly visitor.

Otherwise, the doctors would certainly have had him piloted back to the street.

The bedside manner of the official was charming—until he produced a document from his pocket, thrust the paper into the invalid's hand and hurriedly left.

It was a writ of the High Court giving the stricken fellow a few days in which to pay the income-tax or suffer judgment and its consequences. In addition, he was required to pay the costs of the writ.

Even if, for reasons connected with his illness, the income-tax demands had been ignored by the relatives, there was no justification whatever for serving the writ in such a manner.

Comment on sheer brutality of this kind would be superfluous if the case were an isolated one or due to the crassness of a blundering official.

IT is terribly true that there are many cases equally hard. The average agent of the Government errs on the side of leniency. There is that small, departmentally ambitious section which has no scruples, no bowels of compassion, so long as it gets rewards in money or position.

Consider this case:

A man disabled in the war used his pension to found a humble business. In six months he lost £190 and closed it down.

One year later he was sent for by the income-tax inspector, who examined him at length regarding his private and intimate

affairs. The ex-soldier hotly resented the inquisition and an insinuation that he was concealing material information.

He was told that he would be "combed to the backbone," and he has been so combed.

In his effort to satisfy the inspector he produced the books of the defunct business, his bank pass-books, certificates from his bank manager, and a statement prepared by a firm of accountants.

These revealed plainly that the only business in which he had ever engaged was a losing one, and that he had no revenue from another business of any kind.

Time after time he was questioned by the inspector, who suggested to him, even after he had called upon him at his home, that he was living in immoral relationship with a woman who was not his wife.

An official arrived and produced a sheaf of papers. One of them was a report signed by the tax-inspector, which read:

"My opinion is that Miss — (a sister-in-law) is his mistress and that his wife, for whom an allowance is claimed, is either non-existent or not maintained by him, probably divorced."

THE facts were that the man's wife was existent, and was maintained by him; the other insinuation was a piece of unnecessary official impertinence.

The official suggested that the investigation could be closed if the ex-soldier paid something in the nature of a fine—£150 was proposed.

Denying that he had been guilty of any conduct meriting a fine and repudiating the cruel charges of immorality, the disabled man showed the visitor the door, and declared that he would never submit to pressure of that kind.

The proposal that a fine should be paid was also made to the man's solicitor, but when the solicitor asked that the request be put in writing, nothing more was heard of the matter.

The "comb," having failed in one direction, was applied in another.

This time the ex-soldier received an assessment of £250 at full tax-rate for a business which the income-tax inspector could not describe, could not locate, and of which he could not find a book or transaction.

The official's plea was that the business was "hidden away" somewhere and that its transactions were concealed in the personal accounts of the ex-soldier's women relatives.

So precepts were obtained for the production of the pass-books of his wife, his sister, and his sister-in-law. They revealed—nothing.

Still, the commissioners upheld the inspector and tax was levied on the non-existent business. Meanwhile the man had spent his little ready money in defending himself.

He dare not now set up another home anywhere for his family, because it will be immediately seized, and he is faced with the prospect of having to pay tax for all time on the "profits" of a business which exists only in the imagination of an Inland Revenue official.

Tyranny and inquisition could go no further. Personal reputation and the sanctity of marriage mean nothing to this kind of tax-gatherer.

We have caused enquiries to be made into the recent case of a small-part actor who was temporarily on tour abroad with a British theatrical company at a salary of £7 weekly.

In his absence, an income-tax demand was made, and the collector called at the home of the actor's poor and aged mother and told her that if she did not pay the son's tax the bailiffs would be put into her house. In terror, she paid.

Now the son is home and it has been found that he did not owe one penny of income-tax. But the Inland Revenue has not yet disgorged what it wrongly took nor apologised for its illegal and wicked threats to an old woman.

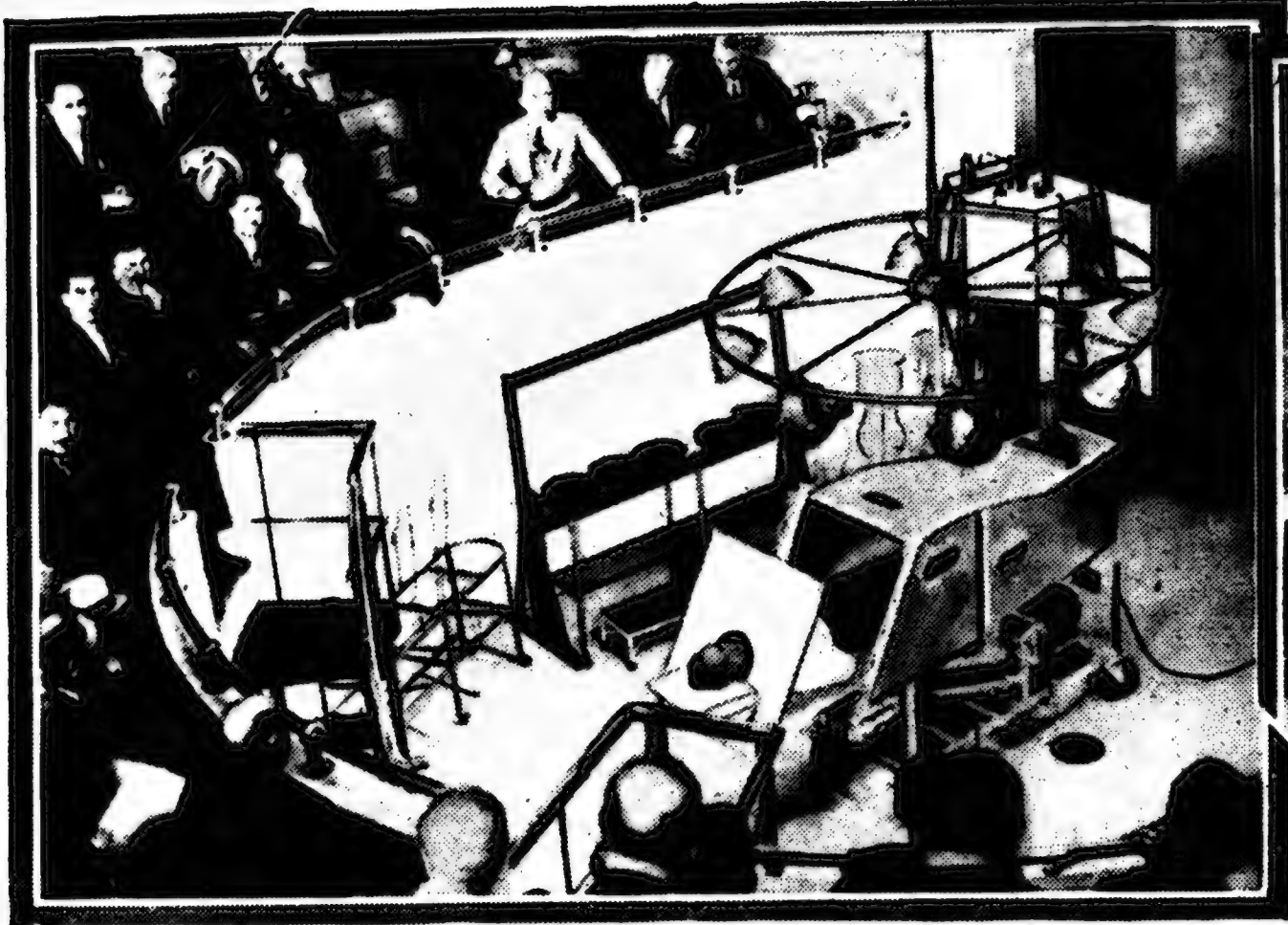
It is only when some of these income-tax authorities are confronted with the challenge of the expert that they come to heel. Those who suffer are ignorant of procedure, or are unaware that JOHN BULL gives professional advice on all income-tax matters.

WE could quote many other cases which run outside the decent practice of tax-collection.

Unfortunately, the victims are usually without the means or technical knowledge to fight their oppressors to a finish.

If they could do so, our judges would soon have cause to exhaust their vocabulary of shame and denunciation.

There must be another kind of comb-out, and we recommend its enforcement to this or any succeeding Chancellor of the Exchequer: There must be no bad eggs in the Revenue service.



Demonstration de luxe—surgeons look down into this "exhibition pit" at the latest respiratory apparatus



"The operating-theatre"

A SQUARE, spotlessly clean room at a temperature of 70 deg. Fahrenheit. A slim table under a powerful arc-lamp. Every up-to-date life-saving appliance ready to hand.

The patient has been sent to sleep in an ante-chamber, or in bed in his own ward.

The surgeon, fresh from the shower-bath in his private dressing-room, stands behind a glass partition, through which he can see the proper moment for his entrance.

The stage is set for one of the quarter million serious operations which are performed annually in this country, and which save at least nineteen lives out of every twenty.

It was terribly different in the bad old days when antiseptics were unknown, and when amputated stumps were plunged into boiling oil to stop the bleeding.

This is a picture of an up-to-date operating-theatre in one of the big hospitals where the budding surgeon has his training. Very different conditions may sometimes confront him later on when he has got experience and confidence.

In a gipsy hut

Operations have been performed with a carpenter's tools on ship-board or in big Dominion spaces. Limbs must be amputated sometimes in city streets under a motor-'bus.

Only the other day a surgeon and his partner were called to a gipsy in her hut in North London.

So cramped was the space that one of them had to climb across and lie full-length on the bed between her and the wall. In this position he saved her life.

Surgeons are often asked whether they are not frightfully nervous before their first operation; but the truth is there is no such thing as a "first" operation.

After he has got used to watching in the theatre and handling his tools, the senior surgeon will

one day remark casually, "This is a straightforward job. You do it, and I'll act as your assistant."

Everything happens very gradually during the six years a student is apprenticed to his trade.

First comes a year of biology, botany, chemistry and physics, followed by an examination. Then eighteen months to two years of anatomy, physiology and dissection.

A dismal stage

It is at this stage that he must accustom himself to the sights and smells amidst which his life is to be lived; and sensitive natures have a very bad time of it before they harden into familiarity.

A story is told by a celebrated London surgeon who was called away from a dinner-party to an urgent case. Two friends, who had done themselves a bit too well, expressed a keen desire to witness an operation.

The surgeon agreed, and with grim humour introduced them in the theatre as the eminent Doctors Blink and Blank, of Sheffield, who were making a special study of cases such as the one in hand.

The operation began, and within thirty seconds both "doctors" measured their length on the floor and were ignominiously carried out, to the delight of the assembled students.

Somewhat similar was the experience of a very famous society woman and her daughter, who were thinking of starting a hospital of their own in the war, and went to a base hospital in France to gather some "tips" on the subject.

They were taken into the theatre, where the surgeon and his staff, who did not want to be bothered with notoriety hunters, staged an excessively gory scene for their benefit, which so upset them that they abandoned the plan forthwith.

The dissecting-room of a big hospital is not a cheery spot.

Dotted about it are plain deal, grooved tables on which the bodies are laid.

Work is carried on following a definite routine, which is set out in a detailed book of instruction, open on the table before them, but a demonstrator is walking about the room to advise in case of difficulty.

Dissection is one of the most important features of a surgeon's training, and it is seldom that enough bodies are available.

For that reason surgeons often go over to work in Paris, where the supply, thanks to the Apaches, is cheap and inexhaustible—as in Chicago.

Several famous scientific men, and many humanitarian laymen, have set an example lately by willing their bodies to hospitals.

Having passed another examination, our student now begins his time in the wards as a medical clerk, and becomes one of a "firm."

A firm consists of two house physicians, two visiting physicians, a clinical assistant, and a number of (student) medical clerks.

The firm looks after a male and a female ward, and each medical clerk has a number of cases of his own.

The clerk examines them and takes their history when they come in. He makes notes on their condition, which he reads aloud when the physician comes round.

It is on the accuracy or otherwise of these notes, independently made, that his progress and aptitude are judged.

Merely "a case"

Besides the house physician's ordinary rounds, three times a day, the visiting physician has a weekly teaching round, when the features of each case are discussed at the bedside, or, if they are not suited for the patient to hear, after withdrawing to the window or fireplace.

It is at this period that the student learns one of his most important lessons, and that is to cultivate an impersonal point of view.

A surgeon's work entails much that is of a delicate nature as between the sexes, and it is essential

You Saw Mak



HUMANITY'S FRIEND —WITH A KNIFE

*He gets his first chance
in the casualty ward*

he should school himself to put such matters out of his mind.

To train a student in this it is a fixed rule, whenever he examines a female patient, that he should have a nurse with him.

Another thing he must master is what is known as the professional outlook. Human sympathy is all very well, but it does not go with surgery.

A surgeon, as is well known, never undertakes dangerous work where a near relative is concerned.

People often wonder how surgeons contrive to be, privately, such jovial souls. The explanation is that they learn as students to cultivate a watertight mind.

"If I let myself worry about my patients between whiles," a famous surgeon said the other day, "I should go mad."

box, which is opened by releasing a spring with the foot, and takes out a cap and gauze mask.

The importance of this is realised if you reflect that a spot of dandruff dropping into the patient's wound might prove fatal.

Having washed again, and donned his sterilised white gown, the student french-chalks his hands in order to slip on his rubber gloves, and is ready for the fray.

The coster's cheer

There may be as many as fifteen people actively employed at a major operation, the surgeon on the most convenient side, his assistant opposite him, the anaesthetist and his clerk at the patient's head, the nurses and the ward sister at his foot, with dressers and the theatre orderly also in close attendance, all minutely intent on their job to the tiniest detail.

Sometimes there is a bit of comic relief.

The other day an old costermonger, who was brought into Bart's to have a septic finger lanced, suddenly sat up under his anaesthetic with a tremendous shout of "Gawd, e's missed! Up the Arsenal!"

After three months "medical out-patients"—where he may or may not pick up what is popularly known as "the bedside manner"—there follow courses of a month each in skin and venereal diseases, children's ailments, ear, throat, nose and eyes, gynaecology and midwifery. Then he goes "on the district."

Man with the bag

Most of London's big hospitals lie close to unsavoury slums, where the parson and policeman seldom venture, but the doctor has a sure passport in his shiny, black bag.

Here, as a rule, the budding surgeon gets his first insight into things which lie altogether outside medical or any other philosophy.

Having finished with the district, a month's anaesthetics ensues, followed by three months as a pathological clerk and a spell under the clinical assistant, mastering the use of specialised instruments.

After six months spent in polishing-up, the student passes his "final," and is a qualified medical man. He has attended 2,000 lectures, and anything from £500 to £2,000 has been spent on his education.

Slaves of the knife

He is ready to take a house job at his hospital as junior house surgeon.

He has been through the mill, but nothing avails him if he has not ensured one other thing, which is not in the official curriculum, but is vastly important. That is his own physical fitness.

A patient can be kept under anaesthetics for as long as two and a half hours; or a dozen shorter operations may need to be done in a working day, with the chance of another urgent call in the night.

In the war, during a push, incredible hours were worked. Twelve hours' operating, a bottle of fizz, twelve more hours' toil, then six hours' sleep, was the usual programme.

The surgeon must have wonderful powers of endurance.

Pin-point death

Theatre routine is intensely strict. Like everyone else, the student dons goloshes, removes his coat, waistcoat, collar, and tie, rolls up his sleeves, and scrubs his hands with soap and water for five minutes, turning the tap on and off with his elbow.

Then he goes to the sterilised

*Above and below: The student
plays his waiting and watching*

*strangely assorted material for Young
Sawbones to study*

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At the Health
Exhibi-
tion re-
cently, in
the Royal

Agricultural Hall, in London, the super-
dustmen of Britain were assembled.

They were the heads of the cleansing
departments of various cities or Lon-
don boroughs.

On a wide, asphalt stretch, curi-
ously shaped vehicles purred and
snorted. They ranged from cheeky
little four-ton, three-wheel carriers to
great vans.

They glided, wheeled and curvetted,
showing off their paces, while a loud-
speaker extolled their good points.

The exhibition marked a striking
advance in the scientific organisation
of the important service of the dis-
posal of refuse—the immense quan-
tity of garbage which householders
reject.

Flies settle on garbage and breed
disease. Rats frequent refuse-dumps
and carry disease. There is danger
in junk, unless it be averted by modern
methods.

One of the necessities is rapid dis-
position of the refuse.

"Posh" turnout

In some municipalities the authori-
ties now insist upon a standard bin
being used. The lid of the bin of the
future will be hinged, so that it must
be replaced.

In the old days—and these days are
not yet over in some communities—
overflowing, open bins are shot into
open vans, amidst smell and clouds of
dust. But those methods are passing.

We know the old-style dustman—
the grime-covered figure, in leather
apron and that leather helmet, very
reminiscent of the sailor's sou'-wester
—who climbs laboriously up steps to
shoot the bin's contents into an old,
open, wooden cart.

That dustman will soon have gone
for good. Sentimentalists, who found
him picturesque, may lament his pass-
ing; but his disappearance marks pro-
gress in public health.

Your modern dust-cart should be a
covered one. Have you seen any of
the new refuse-vehicles? They are
actually good to look at. Think of a
handsome dust-cart!

Yet, why should useful things not
look well?—great vehicles of clean,
shining metal, turning with ease in a
surprisingly restricted area.

Silently, they glide along, stopping
here and there, when the dustmen
descend—modern dustmen, in neat
overalls or a municipal working
uniform.

In a trice the patent bins are slung
over the dustman's shoulder, a shining,
metal panel in the inclined top of the
van slides upwards at the touch of a
hand upon a lever, and the bin's con-
tents are deposited within.

The speed-up

No wind can scatter the refuse;
smells do not pollute the air.

But a still further advance has
lately been made in the design of dust-
collectors.

This is the rotary bin-collector,
which has been recently invented, and
with which the City of Westminster
has carried out some very successful
experiments.

The vehicle collects, not the dust,
but the dust-bins. Each householder
must have two bins. Along comes the
collector, slows down; one dustman
takes an empty bin from the vehicle
while the other sets the full bin in its
place.

The exchange has been made, and
the vehicle runs slowly through the
streets, until all of its empty bins have
been replaced by full ones.



The dustman, old style, is undergoing
a transformation

Then, full speed for the depot,
where the contents of the bins will
be dumped, the bins cleansed, and
ready for the next day's trip.

But what happens to the dust?
Whether collected by open or closed
vans, in vehicle or bin, it must all go
somewhere. How many of us know
where?

There are some communities who
know well where it goes, to their sor-
row. For in some parts of the coun-
try there are gigantic refuse-heaps,
growing daily, which menace the
health of the inhabitants of villages
or towns in their vicinity.

Others of these giant heaps are on
fire, and the smoke also detracts from
the amenities of the neighbourhood.
Such dumps must go.

Municipal authorities are dealing
with the question of the disposition of

refuse by building
destructors and sal-
vage plants.

It is the salvage
plant which con-
verts our refuse into wealth and thus
lowers our rates. Because there is
value in much of the stuff the house-
wife throws away—not to her, of
course, for it must be industrially
treated.

At the depot there is a moving belt
which carries the refuse along.
Firstly, the tins come off the belt.
They are picked off by a highly
magnetised roller.

The tins are sold to plants where
they go through the process of deam-
ining, or are melted down for pig-iron.

Almost human

Paper is extracted from the refuse
by air suction, in a modern salvage
plant. The suction picks the paper off
the belt and whirls it round in a kind
of drum, ridding it of all dust.

Afterwards it comes in handy for
the manufacture of millboard and
certain kinds of cardboard. It is
sterilised and quite safe to use.

But before the mechanical pickers
get to work there is some hand-picking
done on the moving belt. Ragged
hand-picked and used again in the
cruder forms of textile material.

And, of course, bottles. They are all
hand-picked and resold. There is a
fortune in beer-bottles, but the house-
holders know this, and you don't find
many of them in the ash-bins.

Then, after everything usable has
been extracted, if this be a really modern
plant, the residue is pulverised. Pul-
verisation is by far the best means of
disposing of refuse. It sterilises. The
refuse comes out of the pulverisation
process looking like garden mould.

And, curiously, rats seem to hate
pulverised refuse and never infest a
dump. As for flies, they abhor it.

Laggards still

The pulverised refuse is clean and
safe, and is invaluable to farmers and
market-gardeners for lightening heavy
soil; also it is useful in brick-making.

So an advanced municipality can
even earn some more money for the
ratepayers by selling it.

Pulverisation plants are not yet
generally in use. Birmingham, Shef-
field and a few other big towns have
installed them.

But many cities still lack them, and
they are used by only a minority of
the London boroughs.

There is but little uniformity in
methods of city cleansing throughout
the country. One town collects its
dust every morning; another twice
weekly; another only once a week.

Night and early morning rapid col-
lecting is doing away with the dust-
man, as dustman pure and simple.

For the chap who goes on collecting
duty at 5 a.m. and finishes at 10.30
then becomes a street-sweeper for the
remainder of his working day.

"Tidy" tip

Or perhaps he will work, in the
early morning, at street-flushing, and
then take a turn on the motor dust-
cart.

Don't forget that you also can help
your city or borough to keep down the
rates by destroying refuse at home.
Burn it.

Take the "tidy" out of the sink.
Mrs. Housewife, when it's full, and
empty its contents into a sheet of
newspaper. Twist it up tight and put
it in the kitchen-range. You will
economise on coal this way, and also
save on the rates.

BIG GIFTS for Christmas stock-
ings—"John Bull's" threefold Gift
on page 14 and the £5,000 Must-be
Won Crossword Prize offered on page 4



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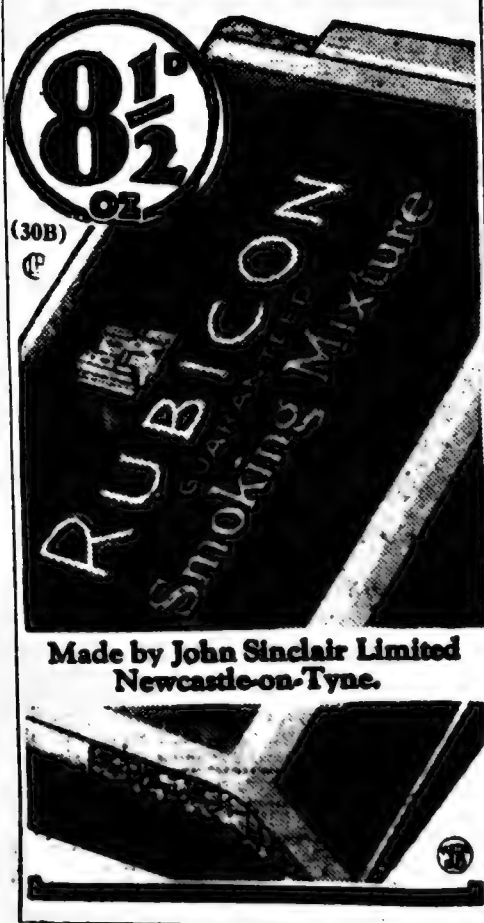


No Faking!

Firing shot into the wood to imitate "worm-holes" is one way in which "antiques" are faked. They are often very convincing, but their actual value is only a fraction of that of the "real thing."

Cheap tobaccos, too, often have their original condition changed. But the scent and artificial flavouring added to disguise the "bite" and "tang" of their harsh leaf, take most of the enjoyment out of the "smoke." Comparison with a pure, natural Tobacco such as Rubicon Mixture shows how unsatisfying these "doctored" varieties are.

Rubicon Mixture at 8½d. oz. is a guaranteed pure, natural Tobacco, made from leaf that needs no "doping" to render it palatable. Its satisfying, mellow taste and clean aroma are natural to the character of its high quality leaf.



BLAME politicians, profiteers, incompetent industrialists, the listless indifference of parents, or what you will for the existence of poverty—in the end it will be found that it is the young children who suffer.

In South-west Essex, not so long ago, three children were discovered with a man and woman in a bivouac made of a few pieces of canvas pitched on the side of a ditch.

The baby, aged four months, was removed to an infirmary in a starving condition. The parents had been on tramp, living in casual-wards and under hedges.

When at Weymouth recently a man and a woman were brought before the magistrates to answer a charge of exposing three children to the weather, the eldest being four years old, the man pleaded that they "needed a few coppers to repair the wheel of the van in which they lived."

On numerous occasions the couple had been seen in the streets with these poor little mites, singing and begging, or selling paper flowers and lavender. So effectively, it was stated, that silver and copper coins were rained upon them.

A terrible school

The man and the woman were sent to jail, and the children were placed under care.

Just as lived that poor child outcast "Jo," of Tom All Alone's Alley, by begging and cringing for the ha'pence with which he might live, there are thousands of children in Britain to-day who are drifting—despite or because of their parents' efforts—towards an existence of cadging and mendicancy.

It is all nonsense to assume that the families of probably a million men who are forced to depend upon either the "dole" or relief are living in luxury or even in modest comfort.

Children who are unable to visit the pictures or purchase a "penny comic" are quick in acquiring an alternative way of getting the necessary money.

In the side-streets of the poorer districts of London, in the turnings off Bute Street in Cardiff, in Scotland Road in Liverpool, the urchins of the gutter—as they very rapidly become—are soliciting pedestrians for ha'pennies, for pennies, on any sort of excuse.

Sometimes it is done by using a whining voice—they seize on occasions like Guy Fawkes' night and Christmas.

Parents who are themselves short of the necessities of life, who see week succeed week without hope of employment or the means whereby they may obtain food and clothing, are powerless to prevent the dry-rot.

And, to make it worse, children are being trained to beg. It is from these that the offspring of respectable parents acquire the art.

Child actors

During the past year more than two hundred youngsters were found to be so engaged, in addition to which another 440 were reported as "being under notice."

Standing on the edge of the pavement in the Mile End Road, in East London, the other evening, were a man and woman with two children and a baby in the woman's arms.

The obvious implication was: "Here is a family which has met with dire disaster and trouble. The poor little mites are utterly tired and worn out—the parents are penniless."

Tragic Little Beggars

"Soliciting pennies, using a whining voice." Some one always in the shadow

When you see that sort of thing, watch the drama to the end. The real sufferers hug their misery and hide from the public eye.

Within two hours there was thrown into the extended cap as much as a highly-paid labourer's average weekly wage.

But never were children so utterly unlike their own "parents" as these unconscious little actors.

The mystery was explained some little time later when the "family" dispersed to a side street in the neighbourhood of Stepney Green, when the children were returned to their proper parents in a public-house.

There are a number of the same kind as this ex-Service man—he was never a soldier—who both sing a good song and tell a plausible story.

Such men have no difficulty in hiring a woman's services for the day, and she in her turn borrows the children for the occasion.

Margaret Smith, a notorious mendicant with a record of twenty-two cases of begging against her, boasted that she made 25s. to 30s. a day.

A beggar named Harry Livingstone, who has been repeatedly fined for this offence, had more than £4 in silver in his pockets. He was also weighed down by 13½ lb. of copper coin!

When Charles Studley was sentenced to a month in jail for begging, at the age of sixty-nine, it was said this was his ninetieth conviction.

Nearly six hundred children have been sent to industrial schools during the past three years for begging, or because they have been found wandering.

They're All Doing It!

"JOHN BULL" readers in their thousands are responding to the sensational threefold Christmas Gift Offer which appears on page 14.

No wonder! There's a Gift Voucher worth One Shilling, a 24-carat gold-plated "Gillette" Razor and a 3s. 6d. "Everpointed" Pencil—all free.

Hurry up and apply for your gift package so that the postman will bring it in ample time for Christmas.



The cases in which the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children found that intervention was desirable and necessary during last year was 107,000 odd, or 60 more than the previous year.

These facts regarding the care and welfare of the rising generation

cannot be studied without feeling that there must be a swift stoppage of the degrading practice and a kindly remedy.

The police at Douglas in the Isle of Man have found it expedient to take action in a number of cases where children were actually being taught to beg from visitors.

No fewer than 87,000 girls and boys of school age are inmates of workhouses at the present time, in addition to which there are more than 190,000 members of families who are in receipt of outdoor relief.

The incentive to beg—the lack of those things necessary to everyday comfort and to live even—is present to an alarming degree.

Dangerous gifts

The Ministry of Health reports that more than 20,000,000 meals were supplied to over 190,000 school-children during last year.

It is a sorry story. These boys who will be men and these girls who will be women are being educated to a world in which things are given away instead of being bought.

Who shall blame them? Who da criticise their parents?

More than 27,000 children were found suffering from malnutrition during the school year of 1929.

The incentive to beg must be removed. It is a matter which needs to be tackled fearlessly and at once.

It is of the utmost importance that our boys and girls should grow up to be clean and honest citizens—not beggars, but earners.

And any who turn their poverty to their nakedness to account, by teaching them to wall and beg in the gutters, must be punished so severely that they will never offend again.



Good Health for Young & Old

HEALTH and vitality are maintained from childhood to old age if delicious "Ovaltine" is the daily beverage for every member of the family.

This perfect food beverage supplies the rich nourishment extracted from Nature's best foods—pure fresh milk, barley malt and new-laid eggs. It contains, in a concentrated and correctly balanced form, all the food elements and vitamins essential to health.

Children prefer "Ovaltine" to plain milk because of its delightful flavour. The aged find "Ovaltine" a valuable addition to their dietary, particularly where the digestive powers are impaired. In adult years "Ovaltine" is equally necessary. It rebuilds brain, nerve and body, recharges the nervous system with rich reserves of health and energy, and strengthens the body to resist winter ailments.

In every home "Ovaltine" should take the place of tea, coffee, cocoa and other beverages.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

A complement
to any dish
—sweets excepted

H.P.

the SAUCE that
leaves clean plates

Rich—thick—fruity, there's nothing to equal H.P. Sauce. Add a few drops to the soup—or pour a little on the side of your plate and see how delicious it makes the meal.

All persons exposed to cold
weather should take

KOMPO FOR COLDS

The Universal Remedy
FOR
COLDS, INFLUENZA,
SORE THROATS, Etc.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores,
in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-
J. F. WHITE & Co., Chemists, LEEDS

BIGGER PRIZE LIST for Christmas

505
CASH
PRIZES
and
1000
CONSOLATION
PRIZES

£50

FIRST PRIZE £274 IN PRIZES

for
'DIPLOMA'
LIMERICKS

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £5
5th PRIZE £2

250
10/- POSTAL ORDERS
250
5/- POSTAL ORDERS



A cholerick old colonel from Kew
Confronted at Christmas with stew
In anger, aghast,
Rose and left the repast

Also
1000
CONSOLATION
PRIZES
of 'Diploma'
electro-plated
Cheese Holders.

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar,

Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept 7)

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Wednesday, December 10, 1930.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

All Prizes will be posted before Christmas.

DIPLOMA

the
ENGLISH
CRUSTLESS
CHEESE

Cheddar and Cheshire

Box of 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4.

FREE TO BOYS

The fine Meccano Book
and Hornby Train Book.
Read how to get them on pages
25 and 31.

A NICE FUR

loads charm and distinction to the wearer. Our Fur Department offers lovely Furs at lowest prices on Easy Terms. Only small payments required with order, and monthly payments afterwards if satisfied. Write for Catalogue of all favourite varieties at a Guinea to Five Guineas upwards. Full Approval. 36 years character for straightforward trading.
J.G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



Have you Conditioned your dog for this WINTER?

YOUR dog is trying to condition himself now in order to grow a strong winter coat—an undercoat if he is rough or long-haired. But the quality of a dog's coat and undercoat depends entirely on the condition of the blood, and he needs a corrective now in order to clear the blood of the impurities which are caused by domesticated food and aggravated by lack of proper exercise. You should do what all experienced breeders have done for 38 years—condition your dog thoroughly with Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood and invigorate the whole system. In less than 10 days your dog will be in perfect condition and his coat will harden and take on the lovely "bloom" which is the only sure sign of perfect health.

1d. per packet of 9 powders, 1/- per box of 18, from all Dog & Cat Shops, Chemists and Stores.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

Since 1892 the best-known dog remedy



Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders cure and prevent all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema, Gently Eczema and Loose Coat. Made (since 1892) by BOB MARTIN Ltd., Southport, Eng.

MEN OVER 40 GAIN NEW ENERGY

Modern life brings a great strain to men over 40. They lose energy, grow listless and apathetic mentally and physically just when they should be in their prime. That's why thousands are turning to a tried and trusted means of restoring new vigour and strength—Wincarnis. This famous tonic wine contains not only the juice of the grape, but meat extract and a guaranteed vitamin malt extract.

Its effect is simply remarkable. With the very first glass you seem to feel new life coursing through your veins. It tones you up and reinvigorates you. You feel a new man. And this instantaneous effect is a lasting effect, too. Take it regularly and you'll find you sleep better, have steadier, quieter nerves, get tired less easily and grow stronger in every way.

Try Wincarnis to-day. 18,000 doctors say how good it is in cases of weakness, neuralgia, convalescence and for all who are run-down.

Sore Throat?



FORMAMINT, Wulfin Brand,
destroys the disease germs
in mouth and throat thus
protecting you against
infectious diseases.

At all Chemists, 2/6 a bottle.

Geestma Ltd. Loughborough Leicesterhire

CRUEL SECRET "SPORT"

THE public, the police and the countless animal-welfare associations all over the country will, perhaps, be amazed to learn that that most nauseating "sport" of dog-fighting is still being carried on in Great Britain.

It is barely credible, but dog-fighting has been continuing for many years in spite of the police.

Admittedly, it has not grown because the superb breed of dog necessary—the Staffordshire bull-terrier—is dying out.

But even so, the fighting in existence as I write is by no means unorganised or a mere local affair. I have myself, in fact, traced three large centres in the course of my investigations.

One is twenty miles from Birmingham; another near Bilston, in Staffordshire; a third outside Edinburgh. There are others.

A dead winner!

I have also in my possession a copy of the "Rules of Dog Fighting." It is printed on impressive blue paper.

Attached is the articles of agreement form. This signs the dogs up through their owners to fight for so much a side at an agreed poundage, like boxers.

There are seventeen rules. I do not wish to quote them all in full, but the revolting nature of many of them demands the fullest publicity.

Rule 10 is a fair sample: "In any case of a dog being declared dead by the referee, the living dog shall remain at him for ten minutes, when he shall be taken to his corner if it be his turn to scratch, or if it be the dead dog's turn, the fight shall be at an end by order of the referee."

I think this rule leaves no doubt as to the kind of revolting brutalities practised in the fighting-pit. It is actually allowed that a dead dog may win a fight.

To show the contemptuous attitude of the promoters of these cruelties towards law and order, two rules, Nos. 11 and 12, both have stipulations in them with regard to police interference.

Tasting for poison

The beginning of rule 11 reads: "In any case of police interference, the referee to name the next place and time of fighting, on the same day, if possible, and day by day until it be decided. . . ."

Another rule—No. 2—lays down that the dogs are to be "tasted" before and after fighting if required.

This condition is a trifle self-revealing as to what type of man is attracted to the dog-pit. The tasting is done to ensure that neither dog has any poisonous matter concealed in its coat.

I do not say that the risk of this exists to any great extent, but the fact remains that the rule is there to ensure owners and backers getting a "fair" fight for their money.

Yet, possibly, the actual dog-fighting in the pit may be considered as nothing compared with the preliminary training methods.

Old dog-fighting men have told me how they train their dogs, not only to get them down to weight, but also to teach them how to go for the most vital parts of their opponents.

Weight-reducing is done by sweating the dogs before a large fire. That is inhuman enough perhaps. But what words are strong enough to condemn



The modern bull-terrier—but the brindled fighter behind would make short work of him

the means of providing exercise for the dog?

A favourite method is to hang just out of its reach a sack with a cat inside. Jumping to seize this trapped animal develops the dog's hindquarters.

But the most infamous method is to suspend some poor stray or mongrel dog on a rope and get the fighting dog to go on jumping at it till it is able to reach its most vital parts.

When the dog slackens in its jumping, the mongrel is released and given to him. Naturally, a maimed and terrified dog never stands a ghost of a chance and is soon despatched.

It is hard to believe that these dog-fighting men have hearts, yet many of them produce a human touch at times difficult to resist.

"Sir," wrote one of them to me from Bradley, Staffordshire, after I had bought his dog, "you have got the best-bred pit-dog in England and the gamest and the prettiest. He is the best I have ever seen in my thirty years' experience."

Donkey slayer

"He killed his sire in half-an-hour last Whit Saturday. . . . Speak kind but sharp to him; let him see you are his master. His grandsire killed a donkey. . . ."

The Dowager and the Dragon

Do you know the truth about the Dragon and the Dowager? No!

It's a story to tell the kiddies around the Christmas fire—and to laugh at again between yourselves when they've gone to bed. . . .

Yes, it's one of the good things in JOHN BULL'S Christmas Holiday Annual; this year's budget of yarns, quips and seasonably funny jokes.

(And it costs only Sixpence!)

by COUNT
HOLLENDER,
Noted sportsman and judge
of dogs

"Don't let him run loose where there is a lot of traffic or you will get him killed, as I nearly got him killed and for God's sake don't do that. . . ."

This man had no objection to posing his dog to death in the pit, but I really think had the animal been run over or injured, he would have broken his heart about it.

That, perhaps, is not surprising since these Staffordshire bull-terriers are most lovable creatures, kind, loyal, and, unless provoked, the most unoffensive dogs imaginable.

Some years ago I approached Colonel the Earl of Rothes to buy up all the Staffordshires to put a stop to the fighting.

One of the breed I had, a 20 lb. battler open to fight any dog in England, is particularly memorable to me. I remember taking him to the Carlton bar with Colonel Thunder, the well-known judge and animal expert.

Beat Carpentier

When we arrived at the bar we put our coats on a chair upon which many others had been placed already. The dog on top of the pile and instructed him not to move.

A few minutes later a page-boy came in and told me that Georges Carpentier, the world-champion boxer, and his companion, a man of title, wanted to get their coats.

The dog would not let them get near. Now this splendid breed is dying out. That may, probably, stop dog-fighting, but it is a great pity that such a noble type should be degraded to association with fighting and that on some time ago, a few sportsmen who wished to save the breed, asked me to scour England to find examples.

I was eventually able to procure some genuine puppies and bought four for Major Paget, Captain Colville, Mr. Tom Walls and myself.

But, meanwhile, the police and those interested in the welfare of animals, must do everything in their power to stamp out the dog-fighting pit.

It exists as an insult to our reputation as an animal-loving nation.

the Mincemeat

Put it
there



RECIPE FOR ... FRUIT CAKE

1. Grease tin and then line with flaky paste.
 2. Fill with good thick layer of Robertson's Mincemeat ("GOLDEN SHRED" Brand), cover with remaining paste.
 3. Mark into squares and prick with fork.
 4. Now brush over lightly with water.
 5. Bake in moderately hot oven twenty-five to thirty minutes.
 6. Cut into squares and dredge well with castor sugar.
- Serve fruit cakes hot or re-heat as required.

Robertson's Mincemeat
GOLDEN SHRED BRAND

M.2.



When you lie awake

Don't lie there trying to penetrate a wall of stifling blackness, nerves alert, strained. Don't keep the light on, either, and your brain working wearily round the shapes and colours you see all day.

The steady glow of a night light draws into a soft twilight circle the room's shapes and shadows. Your eye travels drowsily round it till you slip off, quietly, to sleep.

Send 3d. in stamps for a sample box of Price's Night Lights, to Price's Patent Candle Co., Limited, Dept. JBA, London, S.W.11.

Always keep a box handy

PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS

Buy a box to-day



"Driven from the railways
by wretched accommodation
and chronic overcrowding"

WHEN Mr. Pickwick journeyed by stage-coach to Bath he encountered a fellow-passenger who, remarking that he had "paid his fare," complained that six people were expected to squeeze into an infernal box which had room for only four.

"I'll take a post-chaise and bring an action!" was his indignant comment.

Exactly what that same man would feel disposed to say to-day if he were called upon to endure the intolerable overcrowding which our railways force upon their unfortunate passengers can only be surmised.

Millions of people ought to be saying strong things about railway travel to-day; but we British are a patient, long-suffering people.

Dumb, driven cattle

We put up with conditions affecting our personal comfort which would move us to remonstrance if the welfare of cattle were involved.

But if we do not voice our complaints there is evidence to-day to show how the public feels.

The Big Four—the Southern, the Great Western, the London, Midland and Scottish, and the London and Northern Eastern Railways—are complaining that business is falling off.

We can understand it; and we can say that they have only themselves to blame.

People naturally prefer the comfort and luxury which is now being provided by road vehicles.

They have been deliberately driven to forsake the railways because of the wretched accommodation and chronic overcrowding.

Yet 929,500,500 passengers, it is estimated, use the railways of Great Britain in the course of a year. 3,000,000 passengers use the main line termini and underground railways of Greater London each day.

The traffic in Birmingham, Manchester and other important centres is of proportionate volume.

Surely, one might reasonably ask, the comfort of such a vast public is well worth studying; yet the railways have persistently ignored it for years and are now feeling the pinch of their own folly.

Fly to the coach

They boast swift main-line expresses which are fitted with a certain degree of luxury; but the users of these are a small minority.

The public whose custom really matters are the countless millions of wage and salary earning men and women who depend upon local services between towns or linking-up suburbs with the big cities.

We suppose it is their very dependence that has made the railways indifferent to their comfort.

These men and women have got to make daily journeys to and from their work, so that the railways have always been sure of their custom.

But now that alternative means of travel are springing up everywhere these long-suffering "regulars" are beginning to discriminate.

Most of our readers will be familiar with the sort of thing that has to be endured in the rush hours in any big centre.

Go stale to work

Railway accommodation in itself is depressing enough. The average third-class seat is hard and unyielding, while the back-rests belie their name and are severely upright and uncomfortable.

But as if this were not enough, there is always the most disgraceful overcrowding, so that the breadwinners usually arrive at their place of business in a semi-fatigued state.

Worse still is their plight when the homeward trek begins. Thousands of their number, tired and hungry after their day's labours, are condemned to stand without even a strap to grasp.

They must cling desperately to a



FOUR BIG RAILWAY SLEEPERS

grime-laden rack, their presence also adding to the discomfort of the seated passengers.

Such conditions are a disgrace to civilisation. No wonder passenger receipts are falling off.

Too large a proportion of the passenger rolling-stock on our railways is only fit to figure in a museum beside the crude carriages which Puffing Billy pulled in great-grandfather's day.

But even if existing stock were replaced with more up-to-date vehicles, the present services would still be inadequate.

Rack-clingers

It has been suggested that first-class coaches on rush-hour trains should be abolished; but so great is the overcrowding of which we complain that this suggested measure, if carried into effect, would make no noticeable difference.

It might absorb a small percentage of the rack-clingers, but that would be all.

All the same, a word of criticism may well be offered regarding first-class accommodation.

First-class passengers to-day are not wealthy folk. They are mostly middle-aged or elderly men and working women driven to seek reasonable comfort by paying nearly double the third-class season-ticket rates.

In a sense they are the victims of a kind of blackmail, for if the third-class accommodation were ample there would be far fewer first-class travellers.

The wealthier people to-day use their private motor-cars, and the fact that many of the modern motor-coaches are as comfortably appointed as any private car tells its own story.

Incidentally, it stresses the lesson which the railways seem to be so long in learning.

Daily passengers want and deserve some consideration, and if the railways wish to hold their own in the growing competition they must make up their minds to scrap old-fashioned and uncomfortable rolling-stock and

replace and augment it with coaches of modern design.

All business trains should be of one class, and that class should be of the first class.

Reports before us from all parts of the country make dismal reading. A few random phrases will suffice to show their nature.

"The same old stuffy carriages, ventilated in the summer; draughty in the winter," writes a Manchester man.

"I think the coaches are dirtier and more old-fashioned than any other mode of transport," complains another man, from Oldham.

A Birmingham reader sums up the local situation rather scathingly as follows: "The state of the coaches suggests that the companies regard anything on wheels as good enough for suburban traffic."

A Liverpool business man talks of the railways' "take it or leave it" attitude.

Other laments from various quarters speak of unpunctuality, inconvenience and general discomfort.

Take a new grip

One very general grievance is voiced by the men and women who use early "workmen's" trains.

They do not ask for soft luxury. They urgently need better seating, more space and a reasonable amount of warmth on bitter days.

Some of the coaches are little better than cattle-trucks—indeed, in the sense that cattle are obliged by law to have space, the workmen's trains are worse.

These ancient rattletraps are discommodations with no attempt at either comfort or decoration.

So there it is. Such is the indictment which our railway companies have to answer.

Failure to answer it in a practical manner by making amends to a suffering public is carrying its penalty—lower receipts, smaller profits and a frantic demand to reduce wages of employees.

THIS IS HORNBY TRAIN WEEK!



50% Allowance for old Hornby Engines. Ask your dealer for particulars

Hornby Locomotives give longer runs and haul heavier loads



THE 1930 HORNBY BOOK OF TRAINS

Here it is boys! The 1930 Hornby Book of Trains—the best yet! This splendid new edition contains full colour illustrations of all Hornby Trains, Rolling Stock, and Accessories. Interesting articles on famous locomotives and expresses are also included, together with descriptions of the wonderful high-pressure engines that may haul the trains of the future.

Get a copy from your dealer to-day, price 3d., or send 4d. in stamps and the names and addresses of three clubs direct to us for a copy, post free.

PRICES OF HORNBY TRAINS FROM 5/- TO 95/-

HORNBY TRAINS

BRITISH AND GUARANTEED

MECCANO LIMITED DEPT AP OLD SWAN LIVERPOOL

The
common
sense
breakfast
for this
time of
year

NOW, more than ever, you should fortify against the vagaries of our climate. To keep physically fit, mentally alert and full of vitality you must give a thought to the food you eat, especially in the morning when your system most needs nourishment.

Shredded Wheat is the ideal breakfast, because it contains all the body-building power of whole wheat and is prepared in such a way that its sustaining properties are made available with the minimum tax on the digestive system. Shredded Wheat is steam cooked, shredded and baked, and needs no further preparation—a great boon on winter mornings. Just serve with hot milk



100%
FOOD

SHREDDED WHEAT

with HOT milk



Test your skill—£274 in Prizes.
Turn to the "DIPLOMA" Competition advertisement on p. 27.

PARMINT DOUBLE STRENGTH

Is a good old-fashioned, dependable remedy for curing Coughs, Cold, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Bronchial troubles and Hoarseness. Made from pure Norway Pine and Japanese Mint. It is known the world over for its soothing effects on the delicate membranes of the throat and lungs and for its refreshing and cooling action. Made in bottles and sold yearly. For either children or adults. Try it. Parmint costs little, tastes good, and is quick and is sold and recommended by good chemists everywhere. Always standard and always reliable.



FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH, HOARSENESS, BRONCHIAL TROUBLE, HAY FEVER

GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN
Suits OVERCOATS in all the most attractive and reliable styles at 42/- 50/- and 60/- 50/- deposit and easy monthly payments. 50 years reputation for Good Tailoring, Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Complete range of Patterns now ready and sent Free, with simple self-measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.
J.G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

STONE'S GINGER WINE

SIP IT—DRINK IT—DRAIN IT,

and have a touch of Xmas to go on with.

The ORIGINAL Green Ginger Wine. Famous since 1740.

REAL LIFE STORIES—by Famous Authors

"their little
faces never
chap now . . ."



POSED BY PETER MCGREGAN AND PAULINE SHARP

"My children used to suffer dreadfully from chapped faces in the winter. When they came in from school it was pitiful to see how sore their skins had become. A friend recommended 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. I tried it and found it gave them instant relief. Now I always smooth a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on before they go out, and their faces never chap."

MRS. SIMS, London, S.W.17

COLD wintry winds bring actual suffering to youngsters' faces and hands. Before your children go out into the winds and cold rub a little 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly on their hands, faces and knees. This thin film of 'Vaseline' Jelly prevents painful chapping—soothes and relieves the sore, uncomfortable places already chapped by the wind—

Buy a supply of 'Vaseline' Jelly today—at chemists and stores in jars or tins. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Consd, Dept. V. 134, Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.12.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

FREE to you—delightful booklet "The Charm of Childhood," to help you with your baby. Send a postcard with your name and address.

7917

NURSING MOTHERS may be sure of rich and abundant breast milk and renewed strength if they take

LACTAGOL

as recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere. Expectant mothers also find it most valuable and it is excellent for weakly children.

FREE Free trial package sent under private cover, on application to Lactagol, 33, Gordon Square, W.C.1. Of all chemists, 1/6, 3/3 and 5/6 per tin.



IN an enchanting island that has one foot in Canadian waters and the other foot in American, I am writing this true story of the superstitious Indian and the Scot.

After a 2,000-mile trip by ship and car from New York City, my husband and I have reached this pin-pointed paradise in the Land



"In the bottom of the boat was propped the loveliest little, blue-eyed baby"

by
May
Christie

THE WINDEGO

Illustrated
by Kealey

Miss May
Christie has
been enjoying a
luxury holiday in
Minnesota.

As the guest of a multi-millionaire, amphibian planes, cruisers, and speed-boats have been at her disposal.

Yet in the midst of all this modernity she stumbled upon a primitive drama while making a four-day pleasure cruise up the lonely creeks in search of caribou and deer.

That drama is here unfolded.

of the Sky-Blue Water owned by our friend, Mary D—

Mary is a unique young woman. Married to one of the large fortunes of the Middle West, she is a traveller, aviator, authoress, friend of British royalty, and the first white woman to explore by canoe into the wild Hudson Bay Territory.

Mary recounted to me a pathetic little story about this trip which she made last year.

"We hadn't seen a human being for days and days," said she. "My Indian guides and I were paddling along the beautiful Hayse River.

"With its strong current, innumerable curves and rapids, we had plenty of excitement. Great silvery fish played near the surface of the water, but we didn't stop to catch them. For shooting these rapids in our 17-ft., 150-lb. canoe kept us seriously occupied.

"We passed through Death Portage—given this name because two people lost their lives there. Their tombstones gave us a creepy feeling.

"Finally, we came out on marshy stretch of river over which a flock of mallards were flying. We stopped paddling and one of my Cree guides shot a couple of birds.

"It was eerie there, with the bamboo and wild-rice fields stretching off into the silences. We were about to start again, when round a bend of the water came a canoe, paddled by one of the handsomest young white men I have ever seen in all my life.

"HE appeared to have all his household goods on board, and as he came alongside we saw that an Indian woman, in the last stages of emaciation, lay on a mattress in the bottom of the boat, while on a cushion at her feet was propped the loveliest little blue-eyed, golden-haired baby.

"He told us he was Scotch—that he hailed from a village near Aberdeen. The redskin woman—a Cree—dying of tuberculosis (like so many of her race) was his wife, and the exquisite, blond infant was their little girl.

"The child was the very image of her father, and laughed up at us through her long, golden-brown lashes.

"The father was very young—no more than twenty-four or twenty-five. He was taking his wife to the nearest doctor, some 150 miles away, but he feared she would not reach there alive, so terribly ill was she.

"I gave him a bottle of brandy, and an extra blanket for her, and some provisions. I could have cried, it was so pathetic.

"I asked him what he was going to do with the baby when the mother was gone, and he told me he might send her to his own people in Scotland.

"Then their canoe, with its sad burden, slid off through the rushes.

"That night," continued Mary, "after shooting innumerable rapids, we were hungry and tired, and I crept gladly into my tent to sleep, while my guides smoked the pipe of peace and pow-wow outside; but I couldn't go

(Continued on page 34)

FULL SIZE FULL TONE FULL VOLUME



THE DECCA RALLY

Fully patented metal in-
ternally mounted. Metal
diaphragm soundbox,
Fidelity in tone. Winding
key permanently attached
and folding into case.
Detachable record album
Obtainable in three colours,
grey, brown and black.

THE DECCA RALLY

Decca Portables have always
led the way, and the Decca
Rally, with its clear tone, full
but never raucous volume,
perfect silent mechanism,
strong, handsome finish, and,
above all, its **LOW PRICE**, is
in advance of its costlier com-
petitors. It is a gramophone
with the Decca Tradition be-
hind it. Made of all British
materials by British work-
men, with the skill which has
given Decca the acknowledged
lead in the portable market.

52 1/6

Full particulars of the amazing
Rally portable, the full range of
Salon Decca portables from
£2:19:6—£5:5:0 and the Salon
Decca cabinet models from
£12:12:0—£24:0:0 can be ob-
tained by writing for illustrated
art booklets to the address below

DECCA (Dept. 11), 1-3, BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

Beefex 1^P CUBES

Beefex cubes contain the
highly concentrated good-
ness of the best prime, lean
beef. They make a deli-
cious hot, stimulating drink
in a few moments, without
dicing or waiting. Ideal
for enriching soups, stews,
gravies, etc. At all Grocers
and Stores, 1d. each.
BEEFEX LIMITED,
BEEFEX HOUSE, WEST
SMITHFIELD, E.C.1.

*dissolve
instantly!*



"THIS
AD.
SOLD
ME
MY
FIRST
TIN
OF

LLOYDS' BONDMAN

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA
IN ONE-OUNCE AIR-TIGHT TINS 11^P OZ

THAT'S NINE
YEARS AGO
AND I HAVE
STUCK TO
BONDMAN
EVER SINCE



"The Windego" — CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

For Health's sake
and Appearance

get rid
of that
tummy

AND FEEL 10 YEARS YOUNGER
SCIENTIFIC
GIRTH CONTROL

REDUCE 2 TO 7 INCHES IMMEDIATELY
WITHOUT DIETING, DRUGS OR EXERCISES.

If your abdomen sags, something worse than corpulence assails you. You look an old fellow, but more—you are deteriorating and becoming a buck number. The trouble is progressive. Don't let it go on. Mentally and physically you should be as straight as a ramrod. You owe it to yourself—this efficiency. If you are not well set up prompt action is necessary.

MAKE THIS TEST YOURSELF.

Clasp your hands under the lower abdomen and lift... throw back your shoulders... breathe deeply... what's the immediate effect? One of relief, comfort, rejuvenation, due to restoration of a natural bodily balance. But this is merely an indication of the permanent improvement in physical tone, poise and health which will result from the removal of abdominal deformity and strain, and the restoration of important organs to their correct positions and proportions.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

I want you to have my Book. There is so much that cannot be told in an advertisement; so much that is convincing, so much that confirms the fact that to look well set-up is to be a new man. The improvement, which is accomplished without drugs, dieting or exercises, is progressive and permanent. A Devonshire gentleman writes: "About six months ago I purchased one of your belts, and now my girth is down seven inches, my appearance improved, and what is more important, no constipation." A London gentleman writes: "I am delighted to say that to-day my waist measurement has reduced itself from 46 to 41 inches. My weight has decreased from 16 stone 4 lbs. to 15 stone 8 lbs., and best of all, I feel 10 years younger."

YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

To look as you used to look... to look your best... well set-up... youthful... that means a tremendous lot to you... but I urge you not so much in the interests of appearance or mental outlook, but in the interests of improved health.

IMPROVED HEALTH.

Carew Girth Control, as you will see in my book, is recommended by the Medical Profession for the correction of—
Shortness of Breath.
Heart Palpitations and Weakening Strain.
Tiring Too Quickly.
Disinclination for Exercise.
Digestive Sluggishness.
Indigestion, Heartburn, Acidity, Flatulence, Constipation.
Rupture and Appendicitis Risks.
Brain-fag, Nerve Weakness or Neurasthenia.

MY BOOK IS FREE—

J. B. CAREW,

RENO HOUSE, 310-312, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. Phone: Langham 4325

LADIES! for your Husband's health sake get them to write, please, or call for Free Illustrated Book and Offer of Carew Girth Control on trial approval. POST FREE TO LADIES. Illustrated particulars of special models for Ladies for abdominal and hip reduction.

WRITE FOR IT TODAY

the thought of that beautiful, blonde baby out of my head—poor little soul."

"What was the Scotsman doing so far north?" I asked.

"Assistant to a factor of the Hudson Bay Company. He hadn't seen a white woman in two years, he said. His job was to trade with the Indian trappers—giving them provisions in exchange for their furs."

She added: "Our strange meeting was fourteen months ago. I wonder what's happened to that lovely child?"

Some time after this conversation, eight of us set off in Mary's cruiser for a five-day tour of the upper reaches of the lake.

We anchored the second night at a beautiful spot called "Chief Laugh in the Sky," where there was a camp. We ate our evening meal aboard, as we had a good cook.

Then we rowed ashore, and while some of the party went off with a guide in a canoe to explore the starlit reaches of a winding creek where moose and caribou and deer came to drink, I went into the main log-cabin of the camp and made friends with the young Scot's wife of the owner, who—her guests' all fed—was glad of a chat with anybody who knew Bonnie Scotland.

NOT that she was homesick—no. She was one of the happiest-looking women I have ever seen. She showed me a little girl asleep in her cot—her adopted daughter, she confided.

Then she brought out several snapshots of her husband, who was quite strikingly good-looking.

"He'll be in any minute," she said; "he's been away fishing with some of our visitors, and they'd several long portages with the canoes, and it takes time."

We sat outside on a bench under an aquamarine sky that was spangled with a thousand stars, while the Northern Lights, like gigantic fairy mushrooms, played across the blue—now white, now violet, always shifting—till they formed a milky arc or rainbow, cut into by the shooting meteors that flashed across the heavens.

The sky had gone quite mad to-night, but it was beautiful.

"I love it here," said the young Scots-woman, staring up at the miracle overhead with dreamy eyes.

"We were further north when I first came out, and that was beautiful too, but my husband didn't like it for me, so we came nearer civilisation."

You mean you were lonely?" I interjected.

"No, not exactly that. 'Home is where the heart is,' as the saying goes." She smiled shyly. "But something happened..." She sobered suddenly.

"The Indians are very superstitious, you know. It was just as well for us, maybe, being Scotch and all, to come further south."

I was interested, and no doubt looked so, for, after a moment's hesitation, she continued:

"It was a terrible fright we got with the baby. I'll have to explain first about the Indian folklore. They believe in evil spirits and all that nonsense."

"But the worst evil is the 'wichigo,' or, in Cree language—and we were in the Cree country—the 'windego,' which literally means 'cannibal,' and which they fear far worse than death."

"The wind blowing a cloud of snow across the lake can mean a 'windego.' The Cree believe that this bad spirit can come in many divers forms to them."

"They throw tobacco on their camp fires to quiet the evil one, they burn rose-bushes to stop it—but, beyond all that, they firmly believe that such a creature exists."

"The 'windego' is supposed to be an old witch of a cannibal woman who, first having eaten off her own lips, proceeds to kidnap and eat babies and small children."

"How absurd!" I laughed. Then I saw that the young Scotswoman wasn't laughing, she was shuddering.

"I'd an awful experience with little Flora, up in the north country, when I first came out—about six months ago. I was alone in the cabin, my husband being away on a trading trip, and I'd gone to sleep with the child in the cot beside my bed."

"I was awakened by the howling of timber wolves. There was a flurry of



CAPTAIN DINGLE,

Writer of a thousand rollicking stories of the sea, tells you next week a true story of a castle haunted by the ghost of the white knight...

The Ghost of Yelve

icy air on my face, though I'd shuttered all the windows.

"I reached for the matches—struck one—and saw that the baby's crib was empty. Both child and blankets had disappeared."

"One of the windows was wide open. She was nowhere in the cabin. I flung on my snow-shoes and a fur coat, got a gun and a lantern, and ran out."

"At the bottom of a slope, in a clearing of the trees, there was a fire. I dropped my lantern and crept forward."

"As I neared the place the yelping had quietened, but I knew that wolves were just outside the radius of that fire—and what was that weird-looking figure close to it?"

"As I got closer and recognised Flora's little, pink blanket in the creature's arms, my heart seemed to turn right over."

"A horrible old woman—or a man—with long, grey hair, seated close to the fire, was gibbering over the bundle. Something moved inside—made as though to struggle. The creature was smothering little Flora!"

"And all around were eyes—I saw them now—the luminous eyes of timber wolves, waiting—waiting."

"I didn't wait. There wasn't a moment to lose. Tales of the witch-woman—the 'windego' of the Cree—flashed through my mind as I fired my gun at the nearest pair of wolf eyes, and the next."

"Pandemonium broke out, but I cleared my path to that fire, wrenched the blanket and the child from the insane old Indian's arms, who turned and fled, afraid of being killed. I suppose, and I would have shot her if she hadn't taken to her heels as fast as they'd carry her."

"And the baby?" I asked breathlessly.

"She was frightened, but not hurt, though God knows what would have happened to her had I not wakened."

"But why—how did such an awful thing happen?"

"I don't know. Maybe"—the pretty Scotch girl hesitated—"maybe some of the old folk of the Cree resented my husband's marriage, because... S-sh! Here he comes!"

IN the shaft of light from the window I saw a tall and very blonde young man swing up the path from the boats—with my friend Mary.

As she saw us by the door, she ran forward, pulling the man with her. "Such a coincidence!" she exclaimed. "This is the young man from Aberdeen I told you of—the one I gave the blanket and the brandy and the provisions to—fourteen months ago—the Hayes River!"

And then I realised the truth—that the attempted abduction of that beautiful baby by the so-called "windego" was no manifestation of witchcraft. It had simply been a protest on the part of the Cree.

I suppose they regarded the child as belonging to them because its mother had been of their tribe, and they had resented its adoption by a white woman.

Your home



THE most wonderful home in the world is surely the home in which you live!

What care and thought you have lavished upon it. What hard-earned savings are represented in every nook and corner.

Yet—just think of it!—a little spark from the grate, or a cigarette carelessly dropped, might set fire to that happy little home.

Storms might deal deadly havoc. Torrents and floods might come tearing down the valley and flood you out!

Safeguard that home! See to it that if Fire, Storm or Flood should damage it, you would be able to call on JOHN BULL for a cheque under its Great Free Insurance Gift.

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay benefits on account of the most dreaded of all risks, fire. The ONLY paper to pay cheques for storms or floods!

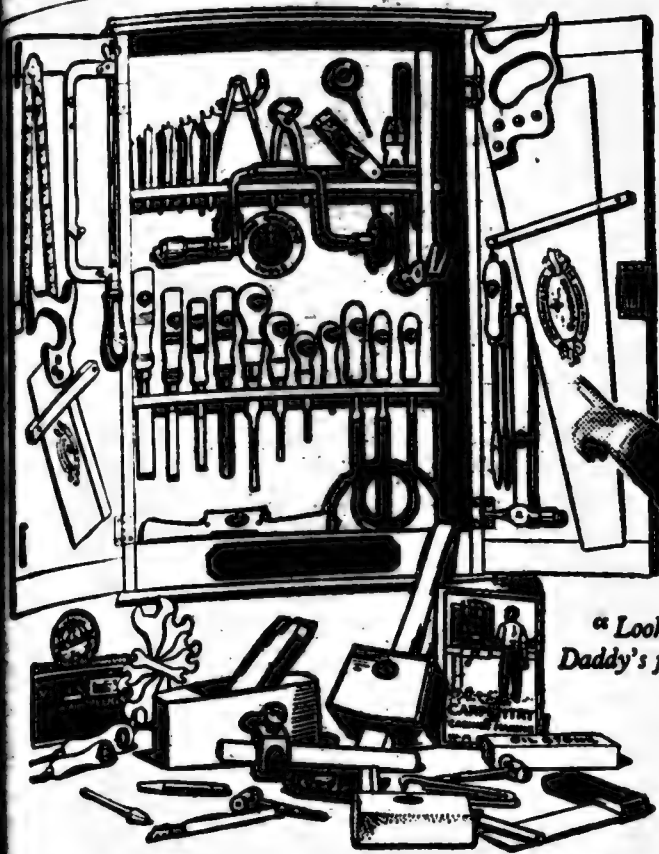
Fire—Storm—Flood—Sickness—Accident—against all these JOHN BULL covers you free. Over 60,000 readers have received cheques under the scheme—proof of its practical value—testimony to their foresight.

You will find registration forms on page 42. Sign them now.

Here is one of the rib-tickers in this week's "Passing Show." Spend twopence and buy a fun-feast.



Small Son: "Oh, Daddy, look at that beautiful trumpet I found in my stocking!"
Father: "Yes, very nice, but now put the stocking in the trumpet."



"Look!
Daddy's joy!"

.. John saved £3 last week with these

EVER SINCE this fine cabinet of Governor Tools arrived, John has been the proudest man in the town. He's made all the little things we wanted so much—and saved pounds and pounds in carpenter's bills. Look how the different tools fit in so snug and handy. And he paid—you'll never guess!—only a few shillings down. We both think it's the finest investment we've ever made.

The Governor Tool Outfit enables you to do a hundred and one odd jobs about the house, to make all kinds of useful articles of furniture and helps you to turn leisure hours into profitable pleasure. When closed, the Cabinet forms a handsome piece of furniture fit to grace any living room. The set includes FREE a specially edited book of instruction in amateur carpentry and home repairs.

**GIVE HIM A "GOVERNOR" CABINET FOR CHRISTMAS
A FEW SHILLINGS DOWN BRINGS THIS
FINE SET OF OVER 50 ALL-BRITISH TOOLS**

Every boy should learn to handle and use good tools. This Cabinet makes an ideal Christmas Present for him. It is the very thing for a boy about to be apprenticed to the carpentry and joinery trade. The name of John Shaw, Wolverhampton, with 135 years' unblemished reputation, stands behind every "Governor" Tool Set. This is your guarantee.

FREE BOOK & INSTRUCTIONS

Any Tool Dealer will be pleased to show you a Governor Tool Cabinet. Send us the attached coupon for a large colour reproduction of the outfit and an interesting illustrated brochure specially produced for craftsmen, handymen and amateur woodworkers. To ensure getting copies of this literature post the coupon to us as soon as possible.

The All British 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GOVERNOR TOOL CABINET IN SOLID OAK

Fill up and post in 1d. stamped envelope (unsealed)
Please write clearly in block letters.

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"I want
real boys,
not 'mother's darlings'"
said a Lifebuoy Mother

"Teach a lad the Lifebuoy Habit and you give him backbone. That's what their Scoutmaster told me—and he was right enough." So writes a mother with a family of boys. She had seen the wonders this one small habit can work—her boys changing into keener boys, manlier boys. A sensible self-pride, self-respect appearing. A new self-reliance, independence. You, Mother, do as thousands of other mothers are doing. Teach them the Lifebuoy Habit—to run off and have a Lifebuoy wash the moment they come in from school or play. You'll find it as easy to get "real boys" keen about their brisk-scrub with Lifebuoy as it is to get them keen on cricket. Very soon they will be washing not because you tell them to, but because they would feel uncomfortable if they didn't! And remember, too, that Lifebuoy Soap is their bulwark against all germ-carried illnesses. Lifebuoy is more than a good soap—it's a good habit.

**The LIFEBOUY
HABIT**
.. for health and character



A LEVER PRODUCT



4-60-12

Human Documents

Avoid Colds and Influenza



GARGLE

If you want to avoid colds, influenza, tonsillitis or other serious winter affections, you should keep mouth and throat in a healthy, germ-free condition—by gargling with Odol several times every day. Odol is unique as a mouth wash and gargle for it combines safety with great germinicidal power and remarkable healing properties. At a strength of 4 per cent., Odol will destroy Typhoid germs in 30 seconds. It is non-toxic, and can be used by quite young children. For your health's sake, gargle—

WITH

In Flasks: 1/6, 2/6 3/6, 5/6.

COMMON SENSE AND INDIGESTION.

There is nothing mysterious about indigestion. Any doctor will tell you that almost all digestive trouble is due to excess stomach acid, which ferments food, generates painful gases, and attacks the delicate stomach-lining. Obviously, then, to get immediate relief, you need only counteract the stomach acidity; and for this purpose there is nothing to equal a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals or when discomfort is felt. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which can be obtained from any chemist for 1s. 3d. a package, speedily banishes indigestion by neutralising excess acid, stopping fermentation, and soothing and healing the inflamed stomach-lining. Doctors and hospitals use and recommend this common-sense remedy, because, by acting directly upon the cause of the trouble, it invariably gives instant relief.

It's in your own hands

to have the best possible cigarette at the price of a gasper."

ROLL YOUR OWN THE "A. G." WAY

You'll get a more enjoyable smoke and save money on every cigarette—but always roll with



AG CIGARETTE PAPERS
The BEST the world produces.

The SPOOK Steps In

BETWEEN A LOVER

AND HIS LASS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

DEEPLY in love with a sweet girl ashore, I am a young ship's officer. Happily she is just as much in love with me, the only flaw in our happiness being the long spells of absence from one another when I am afloat.

This is always a month at a time at least, when I am usually due for a brief stretch on land.

Recently there has cropped up an obstacle to our serious engagement which threatens to become insurmountable.

My girl's parents have become touched with a fancy for probing into the occult. They have lately attended a séance at which the ghosts were invoked to pronounce on various objects presented by members of the audience. The judgments were, of course, given through a medium.

THIS was "pie" for my girl's parents, who promptly trotted out my photograph. After handling it for a few moments, the blindfolded medium groaned heavily and showed a look of horror.

Illnesses, accidents and misfortunes of every kind were prophesied as overhanging the unfortunate subject of the camera, and as this, the spooks averred, would certainly involve others friends of the young man were enjoined to walk very warily.

There were also dark hints of death and a foreshadowed coffin.

The parents were shocked, but deeply impressed. They returned from the séance so gloomy that my girl became infected.

She wrote me a full account of all that had occurred, adding that now it was worse than useless to ask consent to our engagement, for her parents would regard it as equal to signing her death-warrant.

She would however, be only too glad to have an understanding with me. She would even like a ring, so long as we corresponded quite secretly.

What worries me is whether I ought to accept these terms or not, for I pride myself on being a fellow of honour who scorns all underhand methods.

"HUMANIST" says: The girl's parents, however foolishly superstitious, cannot prevent your loving each other.

For the rest, wait until you are both turned twenty-one, when, if you still feel the same and have the wherewithal, just take her away and marry her.

- MINE, THINE

- and ours

WHEN I was a widower, left with three children, I married a woman ten years my junior. She, too, had a child, having been betrayed by a man who promised her marriage and left her.

My wife soon developed a very violent temper. She took advantage of every kindness shown her, ordering me about as though I were a child. Rows became frequent, and have grown steadily worse.

Other children came along, and these are now a bone of contention. My wife says I think more of my first wife's children than I do of hers, and retaliates by pampering hers and being peevish and mean with mine.

This attitude has become so unbearable that she is likely to drive my eldest, a boy of eleven, from home, though I try to point out to her how valuable an asset he will be to us when he gets to earning.

She only sneers, and I think, for the sake of quietness, I would send the lad

to his grandparents, except that I hate to think of the benefit I should lose when he starts working.

"HUMANIST" says: Honestly, all that is wrong with your home is that the spirit of decency is lacking. That you are as bad as your wife is proved by your thinking chiefly of your lad as an earning asset.

Think first of the welfare of all the children and the duty of providing a home where they can grow into happy, self-respecting citizens, and both you and your wife will have too much to do to squabble.

THE AXE

that slipped

I AM an ex-soldier, I enlisted in 1915, being then only just seventeen. After a short training, I was sent overseas and took part in the battles of the Somme in 1916, Arras 1917, and Cambrai in 1917.

Though I was finally discharged as unfit for further service, this was due to heart trouble brought on by the hardships incidental to service in the field.

I was thankful to receive a pension of 8s. a week, and on the strength of this, coupled with such light employment as I was able to undertake, I married.

My wife is a dear, good helpmate, and three children came to bless our union. Means have been terribly inadequate, but still, up to 1926 we managed.

That year, Christmas week brought tragedy. So far as we could by home-made efforts we decided to give the kiddies a real, old-fashioned Christ-

mas. A tree was essential, and the youngsters were wild with delight when I promised to go out and bring one home.

I little thought, as I took my axe and sallied out into the snow, that I was practically signing my own death-warrant.

Climbing the hill behind the house to a small wood where the fir-trees grew, I selected the coveted branch and began to climb.

I was lopping at the wood when my axe slipped, and in trying to recover it I lost my balance and fell.

I lay in hospital with a fractured spine, and when I was able to go home it was only to have an incurable complaint set in as a result.

For four years I have never been free from pain either day or night, and can only sleep in snatches. I can only remain up for an hour or two at a time, and anything like regular work is out of the question.

I am obliged to humble my pride and ask for relief. My worst trouble mainly on behalf of my poor wife and kiddies, is this:

Under the old Board of Guardians we got sympathy as well as help, and had at least enough to eat.

UNDER the new powers-that-be is red tape and question marks until the whole family looks as though belly and back would meet through sheer lack of nourishment.

"HUMANIST" says:—You have my profound sympathy in the tragedy of your luckless Christmas.

May this bring more brightness to I hope that at this season of good will your fellow-townfolk will see to it that none of the essentials for your children's happiness are lacking.

OUR EXPERT'S

Shot in the Light

Forecasts for Matches played on December 6

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) SUNDERLAND v. Liverpool.
- (2) Blackpool v. West Ham.
- (3) ARSENAL v. Grimsby.
- (4) Birmingham v. Huddersfield.
- (5) BLACKBURN v. Manchester U.
- (6) DERBY COUNTY v. Chelsea.
- (7) LEEDS v. Bolton.
- (8) LEICESTER v. Middlesbrough.
- (9) MANCHESTER C. v. Newcastle.
- (10) Portsmouth v. Wednesday.
- (11) Sheffield U. v. Aston Villa.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) CHARLTON v. Wolverhampton.
- (2) CARDIFF v. Millwall.
- (3) BARNLEY v. Bradford.
- (4) BRADFORD C. v. Reading.
- (5) BRISTOL C. v. Stoke.
- (6) BURY v. Notts Forest.
- (7) EVERTON v. Oldham.
- (8) Plymouth v. HOTTSPUR.
- (9) PORT VALE v. Southampton.
- (10) SWANSEA v. Preston.
- (11) W.B. ALBION v. Burnley.

THIRD LEAGUE (Southern).

- (1) SWINDON v. Torquay.
- (2) Orient v. SOUTHERN.
- (3) Boscombe v. Northampton.
- (4) Coventry v. EXETER.
- (5) FULHAM v. Brighton.
- (6) NORWICH v. Bristol R.
- (7) NOTTS C v. Crystal Palace.
- (8) Q.F. RANGERS v. Newport.
- (9) THAMES v. Luton.
- (10) WALSALL v. Gillingham.
- (11) Watford v. BRENTFORD.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

- (1) HALIFAX v. Accrington.
- (2) DARLINGTON v. Southport.
- (3) Gateshead v. WRECKEN.
- (4) Doncaster v. TRAFALGAR.
- (5) Hartlepool v. BOTHERHAM.
- (6) Hull v. Carlisle.
- (7) LINCOLN v. York.
- (8) NELSON v. Barry.
- (9) New Brighton v. ROCHDALE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) PARTICK v. Hearts.
- (2) Airdrie v. CELTIC.
- (3) CLYDE v. Aberdeen.
- (4) DUNDEE v. Leith.
- (5) Falkirk v. HAMILTON.
- (6) Hibs. v. RANGERS.
- (7) MORTON v. Kilmarnock.
- (8) MOTHERWELL v. Cowdenbeath.
- (9) QUEEN'S PARK v. East Fife.
- (10) ST. MIRREN v. Ayr.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

This Week's Star



F. R. Goodall, Huddersfield's International back

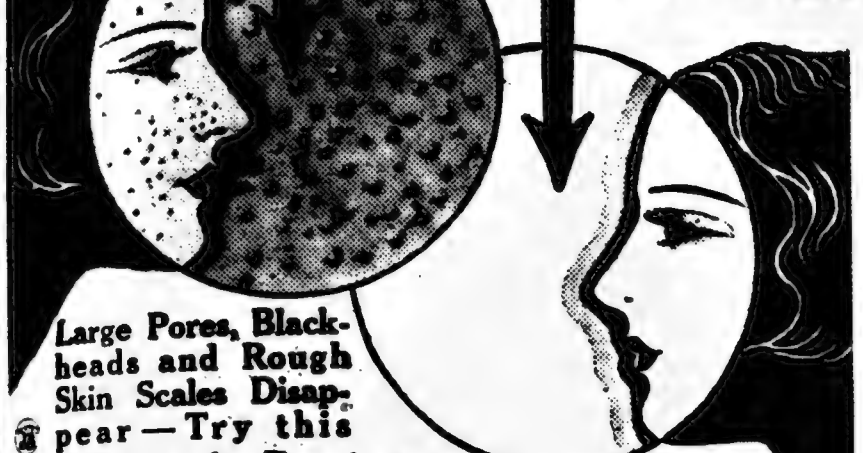
WINNERS IN CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the Daily Herald and Sporting Life each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with H for home team and A for away team.

Example Code.—Div. 1.—3(H), 5(H); Div. 2.—7(H); Southern Section—7(H), 8(H); Scottish League—4(H), 10(H) would indicate Arsenal, Blackburn, Everton, Notts County, Q.F. Rangers, Dundee and St. Mirren.

New Skin In 3 Days Soft, White Smooth



Specialist's Recipe

Thousands have enlarged pores and do not know it. Every enlarged pore is due to irritation. Unless you get rid of skin pore irritation, foreign matter collects, and the consequence is unsightly blackheads, pimples, blotches, sallow darkened colour and coarse rough skin.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood, White Colour, (non-greasy) now contains a marvellous new soft, creamy wax, extracted from flowers, combined with predigested dairy cream and olive oil. It is tonic, astringent and nourishing—penetrates instantly, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that

they fall away, whitens and softens darkest roughest skin. Keeps the driest skin fresh and delicately moist but not greasy. Equally adapted to take off the shine from an oily skin or sleek, shiny nose.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning. If you have wrinkles and sagging facial muscles you should also use Crème Tokalon Skinfood (Rose Colour) at night—it nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. White, 1/- and 1/6. Rose, 1/3 and 2/-.

Free Trial.—De Luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in popular shades and Crème Tokalon Skinfood for both Day and Night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.) Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 570K) 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Healthy Legs for all!

No Need to Suffer Longer!

Years of Agony, Despair and Expense
Changed to Health and Happiness by
the Wonderful New Elasto Treatment.

Bandages Discarded After 30 Years! Age 65!

I have suffered for 30 years from varicose veins. I have worn bandages and elastic stockings and have paid a small fortune to doctors and hospitals for treatment all to no avail. In addition I have had to rest for months at a time and I am 65 years of age. Yet thanks to Elasto that heavy bursting feeling is gone, the varicose veins have completely disappeared and I can discard my bandages. No words of mine can possibly express my gratitude and I shall always recommend Elasto. Several of my friends are also using the treatment with good results. You may publish this for the benefit of other sufferers. (Sgd.) Mrs. H. E. HARDAKER, 12, Barrowdale Road, Lancaster.

Put the Clock Back 30 Years!

For over twenty years I had been a martyr to bad legs, varicose veins and constipation and at times the legs would break out in ulcers and it became impossible for me to wear boots or shoes. I consulted a specialist at considerable cost but with no result. I spent pounds on various other treatments but the trouble got gradually worse and worse until I was unable to move and even had to have the bedclothes kept from touching my legs. It was at this time that I happened to see your advertisement and despite my previous bitter experience decided to give Elasto a trial. That spell the end of my suffering. Elasto has worked wonders. No one would now recognise me as the same person, my legs are quite clear now and I can do my work and go about with the same pleasure as I could 30 years ago. I shall never cease to sing the praises of Elasto and I feel so much indebted to you that the least I can do is to express my heartfelt thanks for my wonderful cure. (Sgd.) Mrs. WOOLLEY, 78, Bloomfield Road, Blackpool.

Now Free Man After 21 Years' Suffering!

I wish to inform you that after twelve months' hard work my leg has never failed me and is never tired, which is entirely due to your Famous Elasto Tablets. I had a terrible leg full of Varicose Veins and always walked lame and was very tired, but now I can walk for miles and never feel it. I had suffered for 21 years, and now I am a free man. You are at liberty to use this Testimonial just as you like. (Sgd.) W. HAMMETT, 4, Linden Road, Bishop Auckland, Durham.



What Is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured naturally and permanently by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15.F.)
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

YADIL is BEST for LUNGS and CHEST!

GET RID OF THAT COUGH—CURE THAT COLD
TAKE YADIL THE SAFE INTERNAL ANTISEPTIC

You cannot escape the risk of infection with deadly germs of Colds, Coughs, and Influenza spread by thousands of people in streets, vehicles, places of amusement, etc. When you feel chilled, when you begin to sneeze or cough, take YADIL and banish harmful germs. For Lung and Chest ailments, Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Catarrh, the natural experience of countless former sufferers amply proves that nothing compares with YADIL.

To overcome an invasion of the system by germs, take YADIL, the greatest internal germ killer with guaranteed safety, a scientific preparation of purely vegetable origin, containing the essential oil of eucalyptus, Nature's remedy. A priceless boon for an obstinate Cough or Cold. Let YADIL protect your Lungs and Chest: it will conquer your Cough as it has conquered others. Send for Free Book to-day.

Read what a former sufferer said:—
"I feel it my duty to write and thank you for the benefit I have received from your preparation 'Yadil.'
"I am an ex-Army man, and suffered much from the effects of the war to my lungs, my disability being fibrosis of the lungs, which rendered me quite incapable of work. I have taken 'Yadil' as a last resource, after trying many others, and thanks to it I am now on the right road again, enabling me to carry on with my work.
"I also gave it to our little girl, who was very chesty. The results are equally as good, I am happy to say, several months having passed with no recurrence."

Original can be inspected with others.

Obtainable from all chemists, including Boots' Taylors, Timothy Whites, etc., at the following prices:
YADIL LIQUID or YADILETS (Yadil Tablets) 1/2, 3/4, 6/6, 12/6, 22/6.
OINTMENT 1/3 tin.
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The Antiseptic which is Certified by Public Analysts and Pathologists as Safe for Internal and External use

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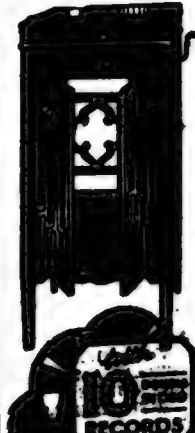
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Superb Oak Cabinet, stand-
ing 37 1/2 ins. high, has double
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box, giving clear voluminous
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Table Grams, Cabinets and
"Consoles." All on easy
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MARKET ST., LIVERPOOL.



Audrey Feest, 74, Bravington St., Bermondsey, London

"Cough?" I should say I did!"

"My whooping-cough nearly bust me till Mummie rubbed my chest and back with that 'Vick.' Oo, it did feel good, and then I went to sleep."
That is how Mrs. Feest interprets her baby's views. The poor mite caught whooping-cough when only three months old. Mrs. Feest knew that it would have to run its course, but that it was important to relieve those coughing spasms, which otherwise may injure a child permanently.

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Rubbed on the throat and chest for coughs and colds, Vick brand Vapour-Rub acts in two ways at once: (1) through the skin like a poultice, and (2) vaporised by the body-heat and inhaled direct to the air-passages.
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WHAT'S WRONG WITH DOMESTIC SERVICE

THE trouble in domestic service is the lack of sympathetic understanding between mistress and maid.

Personally, I have found no difficulty, and my plan is a very simple one.

On engaging a maid I have explained how I wish the work done, and have then put the girl on her honour to do it well, without interference from me.

I have expressed a desire that the maid should come straight to me with any grievance or suggestion about her work.

That, combined with consideration if the girl is not well and a reasonable amount of liberty, has resulted in my getting loyal and devoted service.—*E. L. K., Harrogate.*

Back to Shop

After being in a shop for six years, I took a situation as a sewing-maid. I received 15s. weekly and my food.

It was summer, with glorious light evenings, which I had been used to spending on the tennis-court. But no tennis for me now.

I was an amateur musician. But I cannot practise now.

I wanted to go to a dance. But it was not my night out, and, even so, I must be in by ten o'clock.

I am back in a shop now, cured of domestic service and appreciating my freedom.—*Freedom-Lover, Durham.*

All Right!

I gave up shop-work, at which I worked from 8.30 a.m. until 7 p.m., with an hour for dinner; Saturdays 9 or 10. I had 2s. 9d. left over each week; after paying out.

Now I get up at 7 a.m., get done work by 2.30, and, except for getting tea, I am resting until 7.30, when I get dinner ready. From then on I am free.

I have a room to myself, a bath each night, no worry of coal, light or rent, and 25s. a week clear. What's wrong with that?—*Once a Shop-Girl, Sussex.*

A Tip

What is wrong is the snobbery—or is it jealousy?—which makes a "young lady" in a shop look down on her more fortunate domestic sister, who earns as good wages as she does, with "everything found."

Maids are learning to be home-makers, and most of them have a snug little sum in the bank.

Let young men keep an eye on these, and it will be to the advantage of all concerned.—*A. W., Margate.*

Plain Jane

When domestic workers are granted the dignity of a prefix to their names, domestic service will be regarded more favourably.

Race with "Silver Ring"

IRELAND for 'Chasers

MANY readers who have only an occasional wager throughout the jumping season have asked me to complete my half-dozen to follow.

To Drin and Kakushin, given a few weeks ago, I add Ballasport, Sandro, Midlothian and Melleray's Belle, and, slipping in one for luck, Shaun Gollin, the hero at Aintree last March.

Ballasport gave a fine display of fencing at Birmingham when beating Brave May. His record was good last season, and he will probably go on improving.

Sandro was my Code selection (10 to 1 second) when well trounced by Prospector at Kempton. He was up against a very fit horse, but will win some nice prizes.

Midlothian and Melleray's Belle have yet to be seen out this season, but I have had excellent accounts of both.

It may be noticed that four of the little group, all 'chasers, Drin, Shaun Gollin, Ballasport and Melleray's Belle, hail from the Emerald Isle.

Ireland's record in the "National" is well over 50 per cent., and her breeders have the last three to their credit, not to mention Troytown, Shaun Spadah, Sergeant Murphy and Master Robert, 1920, 1921, 1922 and 1924.

The secret of their successes is that the majority of the Irish breeders aim at turning out a good fencer, and their

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, December 9.

Should Policemen be Armed?

feminine occupation, and a splendid preparation for marriage.

Two factors can spoil domestic service.

One is the stupid mistress, who looks upon a maid as an impersonal being, a machine, or as a creature of less importance than the household cat.

The other is the equally silly maid, too consumed with foolish pride to realise that she raises, not lowers, herself by honest service.—*Margaret Cameron, Leeds.*

Greatest Sphere

I can claim the same motto as the Prince of Wales, "I serve." I serve with honour, and in return am honoured. It is a very old profession mine; we read of servants in the Bible.

My sphere is the greatest of all spheres, the home. People ask me if I would not like to be in a factory. That type of service is too impersonal.

Domestic service is essentially a personal service. Study the family and you will be studied. Family secrets are confided to me, to keep. "Serve with honour and be happy."—*A. M., Lenden.*

future jumpers are not broken in as yearlings and raced to death on the flat. At three years of age they begin to learn their business, and are put to stone walls, ditches and double banks. They are then out regularly with the hounds for a couple of seasons. I have made a slight alteration in the Code key and hope to be on the mark with the "goods" for Sandown Park. In the meantime, I suggest Gib, Bender and Town Talk, the last two for the Saturday "double."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 4, to Wednesday, December 10.

A C E G I K M O P X
T V N Q U S W Y Z R
B D F H J L
54 55 57 58 59 60

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KTESQXY would read SANDRO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

SALKQNS would read BURGER.

"SILVER RING."

Lonely Digs

I would advise those domestic grumblers who talk about "no freedom and no privacy" to find out a bit about their fellow-workers who enjoy those "privileges."

Privacy and freedom can be translated by ghastly loneliness in digs, and such freedom as is left over after rent, heating, lighting, food, etc., are paid for out of—say—a typist's wages.

A sure roof over your head, sure food in your inside, free heat, light and companionship make up for a lot.—*E. B. B. Cantab.*

"Broke"

If a girl wants a home, good food, pocket-money and a considerate chief she should choose service.

If she likes life in one room, good food and little of it, a knowledge that 35s. a week will leave her "broke" by Wednesday, and a chief who uses picturesque language and no consideration, she will enjoy tapping a typewriter.—*M. Brand, London, S.W.*

Midnight Roamers

Servant-girls to-day are treated more like one of the family, and have better pay and more time off than their mothers had when in service.

But this generation of girls detest being tied down to any stipulated hour for being indoors. They like to finish their day's work at five o'clock, and have every evening and week-end free.

They mostly spend their leisure hours at dance-halls and cinemas, and prefer to arrive home at midnight. *S. F. Liverpool.*

On the Shelf

A girl in domestic service cannot have the same opportunities for meeting eligible young men as girls in other situations have, so that when old enough she can marry.

So the years creep by until she finds herself fifty years old, too old to do the work a younger person can do.

She has to struggle along as best she can until the dreaded years of waiting for the old-age pension are over, often in the meantime having nowhere to go in times of illness.—*D. M., Mansfield.*

Month's Trial

If some ladies wish to solve the servant problem, let them take over a maid's duties for one month, and they may realise what a maid has to put up with.

How would they like being boxed in the kitchen from Wednesday to Wednesday when it was her Sunday in? No meals in peace, for answering bells, telephones, etc.

They would be in bed and calling in a doctor. The only tonic that would cure them would be seeing the maid in her uniform again.—*Wonderful Amy.*

Stale Jokes

Domestic service has to thank senseless ridicule for the bad odour in which it finds itself to-day.

A servant has always been the subject of coarse jokes, both on the stage and in certain papers. She has been portrayed as ignorant and clumsy.

All this mud-throwing has stuck in the minds of decent girls, and they jib at taking on the work.—*W. P. Donora, Algburth.*

Bell-Pulls

She is expected to wear cap and apron, to show she is of lower rank than others.—*F. Barnes, Essex.*

What man wants a girl who is out only every other Sunday?—*F. Gilbert, Hastings.*

Domestic service taught me to be a good housewife, which I should never have been otherwise.—*A. Pursey, Surrey.*

The well-known advertisement: "Wanted, a strong, willing girl," is similar to "Wanted, a strong, willing horse."—*K. Hemer, Burton.*

Has No
Ugly Hair
Now

Before I discovered
I used a razor to
remove unsightly
hair from my arms
and legs, but it
always made the
skin grow faster
and thicker. I was
unable to find
any I could actu-
ally banish super-
fluous hair with-
out in only a few
minutes, so that not a
trace of it remained.
My skin is now as white
and soft as if there never
had been any ugly hair."

Simply apply Veet as it
comes from the tube, then
wipe away the hairs. No
pain. No bother. Nothing
complicated. Satisfactory
results guaranteed, or money
refunded.



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Made of the finest
heavy all-wool melton
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detail, beautifully tail-
ored and trimmed.
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pockets lined with
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cashmere. Buttons of
ivory or bone. Let us
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comfort. World's lowest prices. Easy monthly
payments. Catalogue and literature free from
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What is Catarrh?

An insidious scourge—how to recognise it
—its effect on general health—how to get
rid of it quickly, pleasantly, certainly.

Doctors say that four out of five people
suffer from some form of catarrhal trouble.
Doctors say, moreover, that it is an in-
sidious scourge whose presence is often
quite unsuspected by its victim but whose
effects are all the more serious because they
are consequently allowed to go unchecked.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous mem-
brane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in
the head. Commencing
in the nostrils, it spreads
to all the mucous mem-
branes of the head, the
nose, the throat, the
lungs and stomach.
Thence it spreads its
poison through the
blood all over the body,
sapping the bodily
energy and weakening
the powers of resistance
to disease and germ-
spread illnesses.

This diagram shows how
the catarrhal infection
spreads into all the
minute passages and
channels of the respiratory system, till the
inflamed tissues choke the tiny airways.

How to know Catarrh.
If you catch one cold after another; if
your eyes are inflamed and watery; if
there is a huskiness of the voice; if there
is a constant discharge from the nose
forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm
into the throat, causing frequent spitting
of white, yellowish, or greenish mucus,
with an offensive breath; if there is diffi-
culty in breathing with the mouth closed,
or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you
may know you have catarrh. If you have
catarrh of the throat you will feel hoarse-
ness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent
desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deaf-
ness brings failure of hearing, noises in the
head, ringing, roaring and popping. None
of these symptoms should be neglected,
because it cannot be too strongly urged
that catarrh will spread its ill effects through
the whole of your body.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh.
Having seen how catarrh inflames the
membranes in all the minute passages and
channels, it is evident that the only way
to effect a remedy is to employ some
healing element which can actually reach
the parts that are infected. Obviously
ointments cannot do this, nor can liquid

sprays reach more than the outer parts,
while no stomach medicine can affect the
passages of throat and nose.
Fortunately there is one remedy which is
not only unfailingly effective in penetrating
to every affected part but is also exceedingly
pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate
cigarettes contain-
ing no tobacco,
cubebae or habit-
forming drugs, but
made of aromatic
herbs, leaves, and
flowers, and called,
after the famous
U.S. Specialist who
discovered them,
Dr. Blosser's Ciga-
rettes. The healing
properties of the
herbs and flowers
are carried by the
act of smoking into
every nook and
cranny of the respi-
ratory system, where they soothe the inflamed
tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trou-
ble in a very short time. This diagram shows
clearly how the healing vapours of Dr.
Blosser's Cigarettes reach every part that
could possibly be affected.

How to Prove It.

If you think you have the slightest trace of
any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma,
bronchitis, etc., etc., just send a postcard
or the coupon below and we will send you,
without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr.
Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try. We
make this offer in all sincerity and you
would be wise to take advantage of it now,
before this paper gets mislaid. When
you have proved them yourself
you can get further supplies at all
progressive chemists.

FREE PACKET

Dr. Blosser, L.A. (Dept. 121 W.F.), Temple
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Please send by post your Trial Package
containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes,
that I may try them free of charge.

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Town
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vertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing
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Twill hemmed Sheets, 70x90ins.
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Rd., Staines, Bucks., writes:
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underwent an operation to
drain same. Afterwards I had
my appendix removed, thinking
the Abscesses had been caused
by it. Despite these two opera-
tions I recommenced with Ex-
ternal Abscesses. They kept
recurring, until I despaired of
ever getting free. After taking
several bottles of Vitadatio I was
completely restored, and have
never had an Abscess since."
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Get a bottle to-day.



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THIS
WEEK ONLY

RECORD X-WORD XMAS BOX

BE MUST
WON!

INCREASED PRIZE OF £100 FOR RUNNERS-UP

FOR this week only the "John Bull" Must-be-Won
Prize has been increased to £1,000. Just think! One
Thousand Pounds to spend as you like at Christmas!
What a glowing prospect! All your troubles would vanish
like icicles in the sun! Somebody is going to win this huge
first prize in "John Bull's" X-word, and the name of the
winner might very easily be YOU. In addition to this,
the extra cash prize for this week's runners-up has been in-
creased to £100. Don't get left out in the cold, but warm
to your task at once by filling in the forms below.
"John Bull" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution on one
form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 93 appearing below.

Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the
reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An
additional £100 will be divided between those competitors
whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error
more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal
opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one
Sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO
attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after
Thursday (noon), December 11th. Solution of puzzle will
be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December
18th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Wednes-
day, December 24th.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully
1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN
ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or
copying-ink pencil, sign your name and
write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS.
Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal
Order value sixpence in an envelope
bearing a three-halfpenny stamp and
post to "John Bull" Crosswords
(No. 93), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
(Comp.), so as to reach us not later than
noon on Thursday, December 11th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.
2. Postal Orders must be made pay-
able to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed
—& Co.— and the date of sending
the order, complete with the name and
address of competitor, must be written
on the back. The number of the Postal
Order must be written in the space
provided in the Entry Form. Stamps
cannot in any circumstances be accepted.
3. No responsibility will be accepted
by the Editor for any coupon lost,
delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof
of posting will not be accepted as proof
of delivery and no correspondence will
be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £1,000
prize will be divided between those
competitors whose coupons are correct
or contain fewest errors, but no com-
petitor shall receive more than one
share. Competitors should note that
errors are computed according to the
number of words which incorrectly
answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms
will be disqualified. Solutions must be
complete and filled in on Entry Forms
provided.

6. No competitor may send in more
than the two solutions "A" and "B"
provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle
is known only to the Editor and will be
kept under seal until all entries have
been received.

8. The result of this competition will
be published in the issue of "John
Bull" on sale Wednesday, December
24th. Any competitor who claims to
have sent in a solution which is identical
with the published solution or contains
as few errors as the competitor an-
nounced as the £1,000 prize-winner
may have a scrutiny by demanding
the same by or before first post Tuesday
December 30th, after which date the
prize-money will be despatched and no
claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be
correct the result will be amended
accordingly, and any competitor de-
manding a scrutiny must accept as final
the result of such scrutiny as certified
by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny
must be made by Registered Letter
only, and must be accompanied by a
remittance of £5, which will be returned
to the competitor if his claim proves
valid.

Request for scrutiny must be ad-
dressed to:—The Competition Editor,
"John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny"
in top left-hand corner. All applica-
tions must be accompanied by a copy of
Entry Forms and number of Postal
Order. No claims for scrutiny can be
entertained in connection with the
additional award of £100 cash, the winners
of which will be finally decided according
to the result of our careful searches of
all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition
must not be enclosed with "Bullets"
entries or other correspondence ad-
dressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and
legally binding in all matters relating to
this competition, and acceptance of this
condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd.
and members of their families are not
allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the
conditions involves disqualification.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the £1,000 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the £1,000
shared the £5 will be divided between chances' Newsagents.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), December 11th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 93

Entry Form "A."



JB 93

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB 93

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's
decision as final in all matters apper-
taining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.
These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for
SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH
entries.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

Closing Date Thursday (noon), December 11th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut out the above Form complete.

Don't run the risk of
being late—fill in and
post your coupons early

Clues Across.

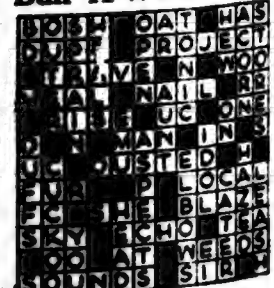
- COVERED WITH EARTH
- AWRY
- RESPONSIBILITY
- YOU WALK UP THIS CHURCH
- BRAT
- SLIPPERY FISH
- WISE MAN
- OBSERVE
- A YOUTH
- INSIGNIFICANT
- PEDESTRIAN GIVES AN EYE
- NOURISHED
- TORN
- THE OCEAN
- WAY TAKEN BY PROFESSION
- ENCLOSURES
- A GREAT NUMBER
- PROG-LIKE REPLETS
- SHARP TO THE TASTE
- CEREAL
- INTENSE DISLIKE
- FEMALE RELATIVE
- FOUND IN DAY'S FIRST MEAL
- AFFECTS GOLFER'S SHOE

Clues Down.

- MAY FOLLOW A LOT OF STUFF
- WAY TO SUCCESS IS
- COMMON FIELD FLOWER
- ENQUIRED
- BOTTOMS OF SHIPS
- OPEN COUNTRY
- FROZEN WATER
- CONSUME
- MONKEY'S BIG BROTHER
- ESSENTIAL IN NEWSPAPER
- OFFICE
- HARD WORK IMPROVES IT
- PART OF THE BODY
- SHEN AT CUP-TIE
- WHERE PIG LIVES
- STAGGER
- TRAPS
- SWIRL OF WATER
- JOIN
- CHIEFS MOST AT FOOTBALL
- MATCHES
- EQUIP WITH SALES

Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary
Nuttall's Dictionary (1st ed.) editions
used in compiling the puzzle

Result of Crossword No. 93
appears on page 12.

Solution of 'John
Bull' X-Word No 91

Result will be
published next week.
The solution of "John Bull"
X-word No. 91 is given here-
with as a matter of interest to
our X-word competitors. We
wish to emphasize that no
claims are required for this
X-word, as all entries are
being carefully examined by
our staff.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY—2000 MUST BE WON

Write to "John Bull" About It!

the editor replies



M. (Lewisham).—"What is the cheapest way of obtaining coal?" Practise the violin in the garden.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

Artist (Ventnor).—"I just paint what I feel." You must often feel bad.

Novice (Cheetham Hill).—"I got thirty different stations on my wireless on Sunday." You have our sympathy.

J. D. (Bude).—"The firm presented me with a wrist-watch." To stop you from watching the clock?

J. H. (Manchester).—"What would you do if you were left £100,000?" Nothing.

T. (Southwick).—"The other night I saw a woman drink a tumbler of whisky without water." That was neat.

R. O. (Dagenham).—"I am saving half my wages to get married." For the next buy and buy.

G. L. (Brighton).—"Lots of people don't realise the benefit of rising with the sun." I never dawns on them.

G. G. (Tooting).—"He knocked me down in the mud and then jumped on me." That was rubbing it in.

R. D. (Oxford).—"Our goalie weighs 12 st." We trust he's worth his weight in goal.

P. J. (Lincoln).—"There is something attractive about my office." Your pretty typist?

L. T. (Lanark).—"A true Scot will do anything." Then why doesn't he pick up his bagpipes and save his wind?

V. M. (Lewes).—"Can a man inherit his father's weaknesses?" Well, that's the excuse.

Mrs. L. (Bognor).—"Do you think I should call him by his first name?" Yes, if you have your eye on his last.

D. P. (Manchester).—"A piece of orange-peel caused me to fall in my car." You are not the first to lose your balance there.

P. S. (Bungay).—"I refused to referee the local Derby unless they sent a car for me." And did the motor ambulance turn up all right?

J. P. (Grendon).—"Sympathy and understanding go a long way." Yes, our Editor always apologises when he drops your letters.

F. D. (Redhill).—"What is puppy love?" It's the beginning of a dog's life.

SCIENTIST (Porthcawl).—"Millions of years ago men had three eyes." Then someone invented the umbrella.

PIANIST (Portland).—"I've a number of promising pupils." You should insist on payment in advance.

S. H. (Anerley).—"Is it true that too much alcohol loosens the teeth?" No, only the tongue.

C. K. (Ipswich).—"Some very wealthy men never realise they're alive." But their relatives do.

A. V. (Chard).—"A man who deceives his wife is a scoundrel." And a magician.

B. M. (Bodmin).—"What is the master with the weather?" Too much rain between the showers.

GLADYS (Tamworth).—"I married the constable who arrested me for speeding." So you took his name and address, too.

PORTER (Euston).—"He felt in his pocket without giving me anything." He didn't feel for you.

Mrs. L. (Basingstoke).—"I went to the door and it was the rent-collector." That was a nasty knock!

C. H. (Hammersmith).—"What are the necessary qualifications to become a London bus-conductor?" Punch and go.

D. R. (Brighton).—"I have fallen in love and must tell someone." You should tell the girl.

FATHER (Epsom).—"Baby threw my poem into the fire." Which proves editors are born not made.

D. M. (Lewes).—"What should a girl do if a man asks whether he can see her home?" Send him a photograph of it.

C. L. (Swindon).—"Elastic stops the circulation." We have a friend in Aberdeen who always puts an elastic band round his wad of notes.

FEMINIST (Harrow).—"The modern girl must rouse herself." The maiden's sweet trust in an alarm-clock is too often betrayed.

S. W. (Lancaster).—"I have failed as a pugilist owing to my temperament and will now try sheep-farming." Well, don't lose your wool.

CURIOS (Lakeside).—"Why do they call it Piccadilly Circus?" Because pedestrians have to perform so many feats of agility there.

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slip."

COMPETITORS' GUIDE.—"He was somewhat unlucky when EATEN at Wolverhampton."

"CUPID'S DIARY":—"Grant took his face in his hands, tilted it upward and kissed her on the lips."

ARGUS (Sussex).—"Presentations were made to three veteran members who have SEVERED the Department."

"BLACK MASK":—"Several other men gathered on the edge of the shell crater. Frost counted them. There were NONE."

WALTHAMSTOW GUARDIAN:—"Wanted, three or four unfurnished roofs."

CORNER MAGAZINE:—"The natives who had been sprawled about, KILLED by the white men's shots, ROSE awkwardly."

F. K. (Yeovil).—"He made the same mistake twice." A bigamist?

D. J. (Ely).—"Every picture tells a story." But not every Hollywood picture.

F. K. (Glasgow).—"She married a struggling artist." Evidently he didn't struggle hard enough.

Miss M. (Woolwich).—"The man I marry must be brave." We appreciate that, of course.

D. B. (London, N.).—"Our family doctor is really a wonderful fellow." Can he read his own writing?

WILLIAM (Harwich).—"Marriage makes a difference." Yes, two mouths can never eat as one.

G. D. (Grendon).—"London fogs fascinate me?" But what can you see in them?

G. B. (Harrow).—"The doctor shook his head." Wouldn't he attend to you until his last bill was paid.

L. M. (Kew).—"What is feminine intuition?" An instinct which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.

W. A. (Denham).—"If the modern man's wife talks too much, he just goes off to his club." Primitive man just reached for it.

M. B. (Hull).—"The House of Commons police must find it hard to remember all the Members' faces." And some must be hard to forget.

ACRON (London, S.W.).—"One scene in a new revue is laid in an allotment." Then at least the production will have a plot.

V. N. (Clapham).—"My wife says that it is quite safe for me to take milk anywhere. Do you agree?" Yes, but we don't advise you to go home with it.

J. G. (Glasgow).—"I should like to come and see you, but have not yet saved enough money to pay the fare." Better wait than never.

EDITH (Notts).—"Women's clothes weigh ounces to-day instead of pounds." But the few ounces cost just as many pounds.

G. F. (Banff).—"I enclose a poem by myself and one by my six-year-old son." Yes, but you have not marked which is which.

S. J. (London, S.).—"Many married couples dine out together once a week." The considerate husband likes his wife to rest her wrist after a period of daily tin-opening.

H. B. (Walsall).—"An American Labour leader is pressing for a five-day week for all workers." It certainly does seem extravagant to use up six days for the amount of work some people do.

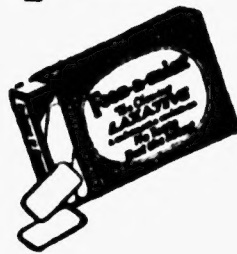
J. M. S. (Leeds).—"Most of us work the year through on about £3 a week—and no Christmas-boxes, either. What a job!" Employ yourself with page 43 for half an hour. Ten years' wages in one lump sum may be your Christmas-box.

C. W. (Leeds).—"In Vienna many actors are out of work because people are too poor to go to the theatre." In London the trouble is that some of the theatres are too poor for people to go to.

H. R. (Islington).—"What is more annoying than the man who insists on trying to read the back of your paper?" The man who won't hold his paper still for you to read.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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NEW MARKET FREE PRESS:—"Bridegroom to bride, SHAVING SET."

HAZEL GROVE GAZETTE:—"They were STRIPPED to the waist, with their SHIRT SLEEVES ROLLED UP."

SUNDAY NEWS:—"The pressure of water caused 40 steel PIES to COLLAPSE."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"The police discovered clockwork mechanisms, intended for INTERNAL machines."

THE SKIPPER:—"Elephants, despite their unwieldy bulk, can be taught to stand on their HANDS."

SUNDERLAND ECHO:—"The HOUSE was backed for thousands of pounds."

BEST by TEST

the verdict of
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The Leader

The fact of THE LEADER selling at least 150,000 more copies every week than its nearest competitor is in itself sufficient proof of the reliability of the solutions and the quality of the articles which are given in each issue. In the first place, no other paper devotes anywhere near as much space to competition matters. THE LEADER not only contains solutions and helpful articles, but, in addition, it gives columns of competition news and views, which are of the greatest interest to competition enthusiasts. Once you have seen a copy you will understand why it is the

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"The Greatest of These —" Fund.

Christmas Flowers . . .

WHEN Florrie's father looks at his fragile four-year-old child, who has to be taken once a month to the hospital, he feels he has a grouse against life.

About six years ago, his job as a fitter's mate came to an end; so did his unemployment pay. He started street trading, and, for the last four years, has maintained himself, his wife and little son and daughter by this precarious means.

Then came chest trouble, and his doctor advised him to lie up a bit. The Public Assistance Committee gave him a little help with

food-tickets, but no money, and his rent of 15s. a week fell into arrears.

His grouse is that, because he considered it better to earn what he could by street trading, which took up all his time and debarred him from seeking work, he is classed as a hawker and is not considered eligible for relief.

Christmas time is his best season for selling artificial flowers, but, owing to his illness, his stock is no more.

If our readers feel sympathy with Florrie's father, and they will help to provide a jolly Christmas stock of gay flowers, we think his grouse will soon melt into thankfulness, and so we invite our friends to send contributions to "The Greatest of These —" Fund, earmarked for Florrie.

And we don't think they will need reminding that Christmas, with its tragic appeals, is coming very close, and that the fund needs every farthing they can spare.

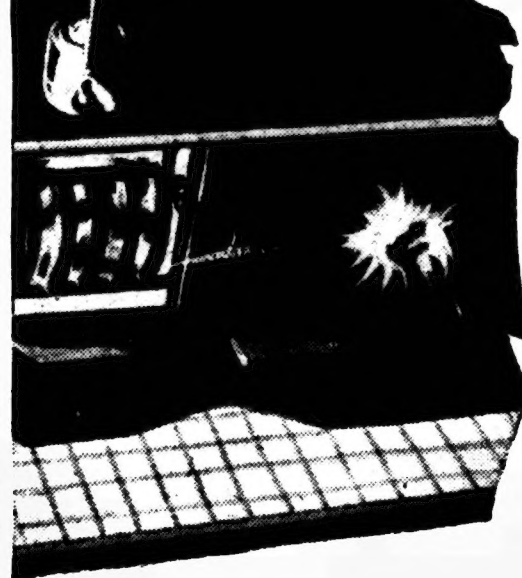
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Tuckington, 2s.; R. A., 2s. 6d.; Happy Wife, 2s. 6d.; L. B. (Bulwell), 5s.; A Well-Wisher, 5s.; Frances Jacobs (Oxford), 5s.; An Admirer, 5s.; William, 5s.; Mrs. W. Abbott (Glington), 6d.; Anon. (Aberdeen), 1s.; Mrs. E. Wood (East Finchley), 1s.; Four Little Tattle Gathers, 1s.; Silent Tribute, 1s.; J. I. (Preston), 1s.; Ida W., 1s. 6d.; Copy-Nook (Blackburn), 1s. 6d.; A Mite from War Widow (Leightonstone), 2s.; C. H. G. (Scotland), 2s.; MacLean (Argentine), 1s. 1d.; N. R. J., 2s. 6d.; One in Sympathy at Bedford, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Maidenhead), 5s.; Billie, 4d.; Jimbo, 6s. 6d.; Anon. (Southampton), 2s. 1s. 2d.; H. E. L. (Brighton), 1s.; E. B. Bolton, 6d.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; A Widow, 2s.; War Widow, 4s.; Inasmuch (Cotes), 2s. 6d.; On the 9th, 3d.; Billie, 4d.; Cross-Words, 6d.; A Ninth, 9d.; W. H. P. (Bromley), 1s.; H. and M. T., 1s.; Mrs. F. E. McCrorie, 1s. 3d.; Anon. (Dysart), 1s. 3d.; Pimpie, 2s.; Anon. (Burnley and Nelson), 2s. 6d.; Knowle Park (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 2s.; One Who Knows, 2s. 6d.; Worthing, 2s. 6d.; True Blue, 5s.; A. E. Hickman (Skegness), 8s.; V. Thomas, 10s.; L. T. B. (Bristol), 10s.; Deep Sea, £1; Taylor (Moldgreen), 6d.; "2," 10d.; Sympathiser, 2s.; S. I. B. (Grantham), 2s. 6d.; Sid Lewis, 2s. 6d.; C. Sisson, 6s.; Hugh McNaughton, 10s.; Mrs. W. N. Wilson (Liverpool), 1s. 6d.; A Ninth (Horbury), 10d.; Yut-rill (Wrexham), 1s.; F. O. Thompson (Withington), 6d.; C. Griffiths, 6d.; Miss M. Mear (Essex), 1s. 6d.; I Know Too (Hanley), 6d.; A Mother, 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; A. P., 1s.; Mrs. Johnson (Dorset), 1s.; Alahot, 2s. 6d.; Darnton, 2s. 6d.; Forty-four, 2s. 6d.; Stroud (Glos.), 2s. 6d.; E. A. C., 2s. 6d.; L. E. E. C., 5s.; X. Y. Z. (Torquay), 5s.; A. E. Purvis (Exeter), 5s.; "2," 1s. 4d.; Anonymous, 1s.; 3s. Cresswell, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. O. M. Wade (Ipswich), 1s.; Anon. (Dumfries), 2s.; James Trotter, 3s.; Mrs. Gibbs (Carrington), 1s.; Mac's Section, Bham (8th sub.), £2; Mrs. B. A. Beard (Macclesfield), 6d.; S. Williams (Mendlesham), 1s. 5d.; Anon., 1s.; In Loving Memory of My Darling Boy, 1s. 6d.; A Well-Wisher, 2s. 6d.; W. H. (A Civilian), 2s. 6d.; Thankful for Good Health, 5s.; Peter, 10s.; Irish Stamps, 3s.; P. H. Lloyd (Bearwood), 5s.

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(Many acknowledgments)

The Spark of Death



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pays £100

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Turn to page 14.

